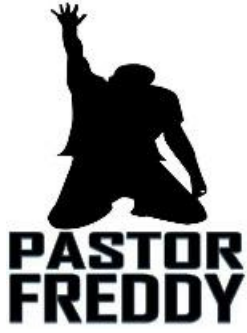
SWINDLED BY SATAN

How i sold my soul with no money to show for it

"For what profit is iit to a man if he gains the wholeworld , and loses his own soul? Or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"
Mathew 16 : 26



A Powerful Testimony And Deeper Insight Of The Money Cults By Pastor Freddy



Copyright©2017

Pastor Freddy Situmbeko
Pastor Freddy International Ministry
Reg. No. 2017/341107/08
www.pastorfreddy.com

(Facebook – Twitter – InstaGram – YouTube)

In Association With

Spoken Word Ministry Of South Africa

***

Published By

Situmbeko Media & Communications (Pty) Ltd
Reg. No. 2014/188856/07
www.situmbekomedia.com



Who in their right mind would worship such an ugly unworshipable thing?
But I did bow to him for money.

INTRODUCTION

This booklet titled Swindled By Satan, where I tell all about my journey from being a Junior Mafia to jail to homelessness to being a member of a satanic cult, is an elaborate truth about the dangers of trying to get rich quick and without working hard. God blesses the works of your hands and not the wishes of your idle mind.

Many people are being conned by fake spiritists or conjurers who promise them powers to be successful or powerful while the unfortunate few end up joining very dangerous satanic cults that end up destroying them mentally and spiritually to the point of brainwashing these young people into participating in human sacrificial rituals.

The Lord says in Isaiah 6 that he is looking for a man to send and speak to his people about true salvation through his Son Jesus Christ (Joel 2:31-32 & John 3:14-16), his desire for his people to turn back from the lies of the world to him (Isaiah 30:18 & 2 Chronicles 7:12) I'll soon launch crusade tours based on this book and my experience with prison, living on the streets, family rejection, joining the satanic cult and how I got saved by Jesus Christ, because the devil worshippers mean business when they say the only way out of Satanism is death.

What I talk about in this booklet is not stuff I looked up on the internet but real things I learnt during my involvement with the satanic cults. To give you a background of how I got involved with the satanic cult, here is where it all started.

THE INCARCERATION OF FREDDY SITUMBEKO

Looking around a courtroom that I expected to be full, and realised I was a fool. I was delusional to think that the courtroom would be packed with all my friends and one-night stands and journalists since my arrest had made headlines and I was on national news on TV in Namibia. I was a fool to think that everybody I hanged out with cared for me as much as I cared for them.

Where was the friend I used to jump out of bed for at 2am whenever the cops picked him up for battering his girlfriend? What about the other friend I borrowed money for in order to bail him out when he was locked up? Where were these guys? Where were the many friends that would wake up on my sitting room floor after night's heavy partying? And the friend that I gave money to so that the bank doesn't repossess his house and car. This friend even drove past me while I was walking to take my son to school long after prison and instead of giving me a lift he just hooted and waved then went and told his new friends about how broke and miserable I had become.

I don't even want to mention the women I had because that is what they do. They move like locust, descend on a field and devour it till it's dry then they move on to the next victim. But where were those cousins and relatives who just showed up at my doorstep whenever they were hungry? They were nowhere near the courtroom.

Only my sister Mercy and my attorney were present at each day of my court appearance. Yes, I had done a terrible thing and I was ready to pay for it but I needed a little support from all those people I helped who were now saying they knew I'd end up behind bars with all that sudden wealth.

I was now the talk of the pubs where my friends and relatives hanged out. The same people who were always quick to come withdraw...not borrow...from my shoe box stashed with cash. It was no surprise that even in the 5 years to come, none of them bothered to spare an hour in their lives to come visit me in prison. Not even a letter! But God helped me pull through.

When the state closed their case against me with their legion of witnesses, we the defence also rested. There was no need for me to take the stand and I wouldn't dare call any witnesses. Witnesses to come and say what in court? That I didn't embezzle money from my employers when all they cared about was to blow that money without caring that I was going to go to jail for it.

Okay, okay, just to feed your curiosity let me tell you how I did it...how I stole the money. Not at all in the way it was put out in court about how I'd go into the company system and erase figures and transactions. That, as I was to know much later, was actually a subconscious confession of some of the higher-ranking witnesses of their own illicit activities in the company.

I have always had big dreams. I was very ambitious and my only dream at that moment was to clime the corporate ladder and be a junior manager by the age of 30. I was only 20 when I started working as a management trainee at the company called Transnamib in Windhoek, Namibia. By the time I was 22 I was promoted to senior clerk. I skipped 2 positions because of my workaholism...if there's such a word in the bible. I mean dictionary. My next stop was the chief clerk position which had opened up less than a year after I was promoted to senior clerk.

Life was already good for me at that age. I was already travelling the country living it up in hotels on company expense, with my own company car that I abused and misused so much I'm so ashamed to even talk about it right now. I had actually started living recklessly racking up ridiculous bills at hotels because of the women I was collecting as I moved from town to town. It's by God's grace that I never got infected or made a girl pregnant during that time.

I actually did get a girl pregnant from a one-night stand but that was not during my trips but at my newly acquired townhouse that had been turned into a shameless love nest. Unfortunately, the girl died trying to abort. Her brothers were all good to me not knowing that I actually snuck off with their sister and knocked her up. I heard she passed away while I was on my work trips, but I never had the decency to attend her funeral. It was out of shame, fear and guilt especially after I found out she died trying to abort. I'm not justifying anything I did but I only found out she was pregnant after she had passed on. It has taken me 19 years to speak out about this.

A lot of people are shocked right now, but I pray that God may help me do right by her family. She was these guys' little sister although she was a few years older than me. She left a young boy who is probably in his twenties now. I also feel I should do right by him because my carelessness robbed him of a mother though she hid the pregnancy from me. I take it at face value that I was responsible based on what her close friends said, closed friends who also ended up in my love shack a few months later. I'm so disgusted with myself right now and pray that my son learns from my mistakes.

Anyway, back to the act of criminalism, as our politicians would call it...when it is just a short word...crime! It was during this careless chapter of my life that I wanted to keep up with the good life my work travels had introduced me to. What I didn't know was that I was actually making my good boss Mr. Hamilton regret having recommended me for my previous promotion so much that he chose to pass me on for the chief clerk position even if I was the best candidate by far.

The post was given to an elderly but highly incompetent white man who had resigned, blew his pension money and then came back to his old job. He was being paid for the position while I was doing all the work that came with his title. All he knew was data capturing. I remember when Mr. Hamilton told me why they gave the post to that old man. Besides my recklessness, he was rather a responsible employee with many years of experience. Experience in what? Data capturing when I had to do the books up to ledger in preparation for monthly financial statements.

I decided I was going to teach these white folks a lesson. A lesson that I was going to end up learning myself. Since part of my new duties of our esteemed chief clerk was to process travel allowances for drivers and pay them out in cash, and seeing how much a driver would make in a week from cross-border trips, I started to pay myself some if these allowances by falsifying trips of the truck drivers. In order to get the cash from the cash office, I needed signatures from the highest-ranking managers. I however forged Mr. Vermaak's signature and that of Mr. Brink's. Why? Besides the fact that theirs were easy to forge, Mr. Hamilton didn't only treat me as one of the executives but also saw a lot of potential in me. He encouraged that potential and reprimanded me whenever I was out of line.

I survived two major audits and became reckless even more. I started living lavish and upgraded from the Opel Monza I was driving to a BMW 7 Series. It was the exact model that our managing director was driving, and I bought mine cash though it was second hand. Mine was a very rare sports version of the Big 7 and it was specially ordered for the then Prime Minister and now president of Namibia.

So, you can imagine how high up in the clouds my head was. So high that I didn't see the evidence I was now leaving behind and before I knew it, they were on to me. However, I never once used my password to delete evidence from the company's accounting system. As white collar as it was, my crime was straight daylight robbery. Collecting as much as R80,000 a week in cash. I now had plans to open my own business, probably a small transport company since I then already knew the ins and outs of running a logistics business. I resigned but a few days later I was picked up by the cops. During the time I was on bail I blew the little cash I had left to try and show the world that I was still the bad boy everybody wanted to be with. My life soundtrack was made up of Tupac Shakur, Notorious B.I.G and Busta Rhymes songs. I felt supreme, but I was only fooling myself.

So, when the day of sentencing came, I felt even more stupid that I was all alone in court with no bad boy soundtrack to my life. I was sentenced to 12 years in prison, of which 3 years were suspended and so I was to serve an effective 9-year sentence. To be honest I hardly heard the sentencing part. The last thing I heard was when Magistrate Retief said, “This court therefore finds you guilty and therefore…”

From then on, my head went blank. If I wasn't as strong as I am I would have fainted right there and then. I was finished. This was the beginning of the end of me. Or so I thought. Never forget this saying, "You will never know how strong you are until you are thrown into a situation or circumstances that will test your strength and courage."

I was still trying to find my head when the lawyer touched me on my shoulder and said, "Don't worry. 12 years is nothing. You're still young. Just ask your family to deposit 20 grand so that I can file an appeal." In typical attorney style, he shook my hand and left the courtroom...never to be seen again. Did he say 12 years? Yes, it was 12 years but 3 were suspended as I was told by the uniformed cop who escorted me to the court holding cells. His name was Martin. Yes, I still remember him because he was a former classmate and a good friend. A good cop unlike the other lot that I was to run into after prison.

My sister was lucky enough... Let me rephrase. I was lucky enough that they let my sister in to see me for 5 minutes. Seeing her actually gave me a sense of relief not because she had brought me juice and a burger, but in that at least now I knew my fate. Believe me, it's frustrating going to court for a year and not knowing your fate. All I could say to her besides 'Thank you' was, "Please tell mom not to worry. I'll be fine." And she left because her 5 minutes were up.

After just over a year into my jail term, I was moved to a smaller, cleaner and less populated section of the prison where inmates who worked around the facility stayed. In the same section we also had religious promoters who worked under the Prison Chaplain's office.

I however couldn't stand them and I disliked the way they tried to shove the gospel down other inmates' throats while some of them were involved in prison's shady activities on the side. What's worse was that most of them did this to stay in good books for parole purposes.

It was in G-Section where I had my first real encounter with the Spirit of the Living God. It was in the winter of 2001. On a clear winter's night, I dozed off only to be woken up by heavy thunder and very low-lying storm clouds. Before I knew it, I was standing in the storm clouds, but the lightening turned into this radiant warm light and the thunder was now a deep voice that I could hear not with my ears but my inner being.

And the voice spoke saying, "Your mother was worried about you after seeing you. She is worried that you would not survive prison. On her journey back home, she was more worried about you than she was about herself sleeping at the filling station with no lift to hitch. I told her not to worry for I AM always with her and with you."

Immediately I remembered the letter my mother wrote me about her journey and how she ended up being stranded at a filling station about 750km away from me and another 500km to go on her journey. Imagine an elderly woman having to sleep on the roadside because she missed the last bus. She was scared in that cold lonely night at a filling station and started browsing through her bible when a stranger came walking to her speaking in a strange language and grabbed her bible from her. She thought he was going to throw it away and attack her but instead he paged through the bible, handed it back to her pointing on Isaiah 41:10 and walked away into the dark of the night.

For what seemed like hours in that storm cloud, the Lord showed me all the times he had saved me from an early death and how he had always protected me, and always will, so as to make sure the purpose which he sent me here for was fulfilled. Like the time I went on a drinking spree 1,300km away from home. Sunday night I was still drinking forgetting that I was to report for duty the next morning.

I only hit the road around 22:30 and picked up stranded passengers at the filling station when I filled up the tank. They had no clue at all that I was wasted but rather thought I was just in a hurry to get home as I pushed my BMW 7-series to speed of 260km/h in the night. Little did they know that through all that I wasn't even there.

I drove a distance of 850km at top speed without being present in the car myself. My passengers prayed all throughout the road trip until we reached a town in Namibia called Grootfontein when it was like a veil lifted from my face as I pulled into the filling station there. I turned off the engine for the car to be filled up and then turned to ask my passengers how far we were and which town that was. They all looked at me with mortified expressions on their faces.

How could I, the driver, be the one asking the passengers where we were? I told them I remembered nothing but they said they could have sworn I was aware of everything because I stopped at roadblocks politely and avoided animals on the road as well as having stopped twice in previous towns to put petrol. It was by the Spirit of God that we made it alive that night. I did a distance of 1,300 kilometres in 7 hours including all the stops for petrol and checkpoints.

A politician whose son was one of my passengers called his house in Windhoek early the next day to let them know that his son had gotten a lift and they should expect him home at least around 8am since they might all leave the house to their various jobs and school, only for the son to pick up the phone and say He had arrived 3 hours before. I was officially a wanted man by this politician. Luckily for me we haven't met till this day.

God continued to show me more instances that He stood in the gap to save me from the devil's traps. Another one such episode was the last woman I dated before my incarceration. A fine woman from Cape Town. In my eyes she was flawless. She was a few years older than me but she didn't mind choosing me for the charmer that I was instead of the men her age.

She had many suitors but only accepted my proposals, or so I thought. That alone made being with her very adventurous. We went out quite often, mostly to clubs. It's not always that you would find a very beautiful woman like her with men throwing money and themselves at her, yet she was the one who spent money on me.

Thandi and I would always end up in bed at her place or the nearest room we could get from a friend but whenever we started making out, I'd pass out. There were times that I'd even drink much less so that I could give it to her properly later in the night because she was now complaining her close friend who in turn spoke to her husband to check with me what my problem was because she always felt me being hard whenever we made out, but still I'd just pass out. The woman eventually lost interest in our affair and I was sent to prison, only to hear that she had died of AIDS a few months later.

According to those close to her, she wanted to infect as many as she could before she died but couldn't understand how I always managed to slip away. It was God looking out for me all this time. He was protecting his investment in me.

I felt like I was watching a video or documentary of my wild lifestyle and how God would step in like superman and save me from the snare of death. God spoke to me about how I was to fund the works of the Kingdom because he had made me wealthy. He spoke and gave benediction like a father would to his son before sending him off to boarding school and then the powerful voice started to sound like thunder again and then the cloud lifted. I opened my eyes only to see that I was in my prison cell. I checked the sky through the small window for any signs of a storm. It was a clear sky with bright stars. Was I dreaming? No! The change I felt from deep within me confirmed what happened that night.

As years went by, I got immersed deeper and deeper into the Word of God and I felt the goodness of it during the remainder of my days in prison with time flying and favour following me. Besides tutoring inmates who wanted to sit for their Grade 10 and Grade 12 exams, I worked at the prison tuck shop as well as assisting at the chaplaincy office, and was awarded a scholarship by Christian Leadership University for a masters degree in Christian Entrepreneurship.

However, the true test of my faith came when my parole was denied just when I was halfway into my sentence. Reason for my parole being denied was just stated as “Due to nature of crime.”

I'm not saying I was a better criminal than the rest, but I was in for white collar crime while people with violent crimes were being paroled out of prison. Not withstanding the fact that I was a model prisoner. Sometimes God will test our faith like he did Abraham.

I was a born-again Christian and did all my prison duties diligently. I walked honestly with God and the whole time I was lying to myself? God wasn't even there with me? I decided to quit all the prison activities I was involved in. The words of the other inmates came to my mind when they said that the system will keep you in the lockdown when you are a model prisoner because they want to present you as the result of their rehabilitation programs when delegates visit the institution; and that they'll quickly hide or get rid of the troublemakers who frustrate them. All that was just rubbish coming from none other than Lucifer's cursed lips.

The Spirit of God spoke to me while I was busy lifting weights to get rid of my stress. Believe it or not, I was as muscled up as Mike Tyson was during his glory days. How unfortunate for the born-frees who only know Floyd Mayweather. When God speaks to you, don't always expect to hear with your physical ears but instead it's like a powerful thought that comes into your heart, not of your own doing in your mind. And right there his voice said to me, "Are you better than my servant Joseph?"

Joseph spent 13 years in slavery because his own brothers were jealous of him for being a visionary. A gift that God planted in him, as he did in me. Then he was thrown into prison for being falsely accused of trying to rape Potiphar's wife when she actually was the one who tried to seduce him, but he chose to be faithful to God by not touching another man's wife.

Joseph spent 13 years in prison but even in there, because of his humility God gave him favour and flourished his gift until he caught Pharaoh's attention. So, who was I, a criminal sent to a few years imprisonment for crimes I committed, to question God and rebel just because I was denied parole? Did Joseph ever have a chance of parole?

Then God said something that gave me Goosebumps when I saw it in the bible later that day. This was confirmation of the voice that I was hearing in my heart. It was indeed God's voice. It was from Psalms 146:7 which says, "He upholds the cause of the oppressed and gives food to the hungry. The LORD sets prisoners free," Please read the entire Psalm 146. It is a very short but powerful chapter. Meditate on it for 7 days. In fact, I recommend that you read it in the morning when you wake up and at night before you sleep for 7 days.

The Lord led me to a 7-day fast but not with my own prayer points. The Holy Spirit is the best teacher and counsellor you could ever have. He led me through what Jesus Christ says about praying and making peace with your brothers if you are to see your breakthrough. Forgiveness, gratitude and faith go hand in hand. And so the fast went on with God sorting me out one aspect of my life at a time, including pride and stubbornness. For 6 days I fasted from 6am to 6pm, from Sunday to Friday, but on the 7th day I was to go a full 24 hours of no water and no food till Sunday morning at 6am.

I was led on the last day to pray and meditate on John 11:17-44 where Jesus Christ raised Lazarus from the dead. I wanted to pray and meditate on Acts 16:16-40 where Paul and Silas were unjustly thrown in prison but Paul and Silas prayed and praised God till the prison doors were shaken open by an earthquake from God. But as the bible says, that God is no pleaser of man. His thoughts are not our thoughts. Neither are his ways our ways. I was to read, meditate and pray on the given scripture.

This was about death and nothing to do with prison but as you will learn in your spiritual walk with Jesus Christ, or from the testimonies in the bible, obedience is key to any breakthrough besides faith, thanksgiving and praise. Our only duty is for us to be available for God to move within us in our situations. We should be empty to ourselves so that his Spirit may fill us up. Our problem is that we like to psychoanalyse God by applying what we learnt in school to explain our problem and therefore expect a scientifically plausible way out.

1 Corinthians 1:20 says, “Where is the wise person? Where is the philosopher of this age? Has God not made foolish the wisdom of the world?” A wise learned doctor told someone that he or she will die in 3 months 10 years ago, but that person is still alive and cancer free because the all-knowing and ever-loving God healed them. 1 Corinthians 3:19-20 also says, “For the wisdom of this world is foolishness in God's sight. As it is written: ‘He catches the wise in their craftiness’; and again, ‘The Lord knows that the thoughts of the wise are futile.’”

I completed my fast and went about my daily routine on Sunday, but you won't believe the miracles that transpired on the Monday that followed. Yeah I know you just rolled your eyes and went "Duh! You were released from prison." Yes, but you better roll those eyes back down because what I'm about to tell you about how I was released might make your eyes pop out of their sockets.

"When The Oceans Rise And Thunders Roar.
I Will Soar With You Above The Storm.
Father You Are King Over The Flood.
I Will Be Still And Know You Are God"
Still by Hillsong from the double CD 'Hope'

Monday came and Monday was almost gone with no news about my parole so like we say in Spanish, "Que cera cera." Let whatever happens happen. Wrong attitude actually. The phrase I was supposed to use instead was, "And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose." – Romans 8:28

That Monday of 29 November 2004 was an eventful one. We spent the whole day dealing with tantrums of an inmate who locked himself up in the cell and burnt his beddings including mattress just because his mother and his girlfriend hadn't come to visit him during the weekend.

This drama played out for almost the entire day from 10:00 till around 16:00. There was such mayhem that even the Head of Prison had to spend the rest of his busy afternoon with this has-been juvenile and I. We were sitting in the small dining hall that was adjacent to the section office. One of the section officers gestured to the chief of prison that there was a telephone call for him. The chief told the junior officer to bring the phone to the window since the code was long enough.

I was sitting next to where he was standing and as he spoke I could hear that it was about an urgent fax that came from the Minister of Prison himself. While on the phone, the chief touched my shoulder gesturing that I stand up. I stood up as he was handing the phone back through the window to the section warden. Then he said the unexpected, "Go pack your things. You are going home."

Unbelievable as it was, my prayer was answered. God had honoured my fasting and prayer not because I am special but because he loves me and that I did it his way. As stubborn as I am, I obeyed him, and he is the rewarder of those that seek him diligently. I was finally being released from prison.

It was almost closing time and it would take another hour or so to process me and set me free, but an order had already been given: "Release the above-mentioned inmate with immediate effect." I saw the fax myself when I was finally at the administration block for processing. No one saw it coming. The devil thought he had won but the grace of Jesus Christ always abounds for those who call upon his name and wait on him (Joel 2:32).

When God comes through for you, he does it in such a way that no man or physician or lawyer or neighbour can claim credit for your breakthrough. There were people, both on the inside and outside, who were silently hoping I'm not let loose but when God opens a door, no man or spirit can close it.

LIFE AFTER PRISON

However, my life after prison hasn't been a walk in the park. I was a new man looking forward to the prospects of a new life but to society, family and friends I was the same man, maybe penniless but definitely the same bad boy. Except that I was now a grown man and a convicted criminal, which according to popular belief, an ex prisoner is more dangerous than he was when he was sentenced. Instead of warm hugs from people who missed me, I sensed people around me expecting me to seek hand outs or charity from them.

I sensed people holding on tight to their purses when I was around and doing inventory of their household items after I left. You don't know what it's like to have your people need someone to do this and that for them but not ask you for help because they're afraid you'll steal from them and disappear just because you have a criminal record. Instead they'll call someone from far to come help drive their car to the garage or go pay their bills.

Like I always say, people only see my problems and judge, but no one knows my real struggle behind these problems.

Who would employ me with a criminal record for fraud and an arrest that made headlines almost 7 years before? I had instances where I gave in my CV and I'd get a call from the prospective employers asking if I was the Freddy Situmbeko that embezzled money from Transnamib. I'd say yes and that was the last I'd hear from them. In people's eyes I was just a lazy spoiled ex-convict who didn't want to work and just wanted to live off his sister.

A lot of other people made up stories about how they were going to visit me but didn't know which day was visiting day...for 5 years! They'd say I should let them know if I needed anything and once I ask for a small donation just for me to start a small business, that would be the last I hear from them. Nobody believed in me and yet they wanted me to believe that they cared or that they were there for me.

I used the R1,000 pocket money my sister gave me, and borrowed another R1,500 from a good old friend Dile, and his wife Candy, as well as an additional R5,000 from a friend called Nello and his wife Sylvia to start a business selling fresh water fish. It wasn't easy commuting a total distance of 2,600 twice a week with 2 big cooler boxes in uncomfortable minibus to order fish and come resell but I did it to restart my life and to stay out of my sister's way.

My aim was to get a bank loan, finally open a shop for fish retail and buy a pick-up van for business transportation. I remember talking to my mother about it and all she could say to me was, "Which bank will give a criminal a business loan?" Ouch! This is one of the people I relied on for encouragement and support. I chose not to give up but push on with my business efforts.

Sometimes I'd be so stranded with transport that I'd sleep at filling stations with my stock. I persevered until I finally got that bank loan that my mother said I wouldn't get. It took about 3 months from the time I submitted my business plan to the bank to the time I finally got the loan.

The fish business started off well. I would buy enough stock to last a week but within 2 days my freezers would be empty. That's how good God was to me. However, 6 months later I had a very bad accident that saw my van or bakkie written off and loss of my entire stock. Praise and thanks be to God that I got out of that accident without a single scratch on me. I however struggled with my insurance claim after that because my insurance company itself was under curatorship for liquidation purposes.

Yes, back to the nightmarish months that followed. I owed the bank, I had bills to pay and a new wife to provide for. Not long after the wedding the bank as breathing down my neck to keep up with the business loan repayments. You can imagine how much heat they were breathing on me at that time if just two weeks after giving me the loan, they already called to say I was behind with my first payment. Check this out. The loan was approved and made available to me on 23 August of 2005 and already on the 7th of September they were calling to collect or blacklist. So, imagine how bad it was now that I was really in default with payments.

During this time, I became a 'Non-profit Consultant' if there is such. I had people, mostly former friends, come to me for me to draft proposals and contracts and my payment was always a pat on the shoulder. Whenever I mentioned my consultancy fee all they said to me was that I shouldn't be so much about money because we were brothers.

And silly generous me, these guys drove cars and lived in nice houses whilst my new family and I were being kicked out of the garden flat we stayed in for just over a year. My son Bongani was only 6 months old when my mean landlady kicked me out for a third late payment but not in a row. She just kicked us with a little baby onto the streets and the same friends whose payment for my services was brotherhood were the ones laughing about how much of a failure I was. The only people who really tried that time were friends called Sylvester*, Cassius* and John*. But they could only do so much, also with intent to use me or cash in later when I'd be back on my feet.

It wasn't easy coming home empty handed to an angry wife and a frustrated sister in whose flat I had moved my family. Of course, she had to be frustrated because I was not contributing much for my family's upkeep. I became more aggressive in business and made sure that whoever wanted my service paid upfront for them or go somewhere else for charity. I finally managed to save up enough money to move my family out of my sister's place.

Despite moving to the new flat, things were still tough, and I finally took up a job as a business development officer for a construction company that held so much tenders and yet didn't pay its employees. My last straw was when having come back home from a week long business trip with my boss, I missed my then 2-year old son and decided to take him with me to work seeing that I was forced to go to the office after having arrived home around 7am that morning. I quit that job that day because besides being paid R4,000 when my salary due was R20,000 I was given the ultimatum to never bring my son to the office with me or leave. I chose my son though again to my family and my wife, I was just looking for an excuse not to work.

I took up another job at a newspaper as an advertising sales executive, but it was strictly commission based and it was an unpopular newspaper so getting clients wasn't easy.

By that time, I wished I hadn't married to bring someone's daughter into poverty. I was at this point in my life nowhere close to God out of bitterness because of the church turning their backs on me and my family as well as the close born-again Christians in the family laughed on. I pursued every business opportunity I came across. I won some and lost some, but I finally managed to move my family to a town house and two years later to even a bigger townhouse in a better suburb.

However in between all that I was followed by controversy and legal problems, especially when I launched an independent scratch-and-win lottery called Scratch-A-Million. It was growing fast with adverts on TV but little did I know that some old friends were hard at it conspiring to stop my new business because I was apparently too smart for my own good and that I deserved to be thrown back in prison. They just looked for perfect opportunity to strike but they didn't know I was already aware of their plot. These were old school friends who by then held strategic positions in banks and the police.

The cloned credit cards that were used at my business premises were just the luck that these guys needed to tramp up more false charges against me. All this because I was now in a position to write a cheque of R250,000 to winners without blinking an eye. I was a suspect for making out a fraudulent cheque, my own cheque, with my own signature. The complaint didn’t come from the bank where my business banked but came from the bank where my nemesis worked.

Strange because my business had a balance strong enough to pay out 3 times that amount so we couldn't understand where the fraud was because I didn't report any cheque or money stolen from my business and, yet they detained my client at his bank for depositing that cheque and tried to force him to make a statement implicating me to be part of a money laundering syndicate.

When that didn't work, I was then charged for fraud of R8.6 million from a youth organization to my diamond mining company, Situmbeko Diamond Mines. I had allegedly instructed a bank to transfer the money from a youth organization's account to my business account. How did I get that right? Apparently, I walked into the bank, handed them a forged letter instructing that bank to transfer the said amount to my business account which was held at another bank. Then it turns out there was not even camera footage of me or anybody walking into the bank with such instructions during the said time. And the letter happened to be in possession of the same ex-classmate and former friend who was behind the credit card fraud charges and those of my R250,000 cheque.

This was a pure case of third party complainant representing institutions he didn't even work for just because he felt that as an ex-cop and bank employee he had every right to bring me down. As it turned out, bank statements were produced in court and never was there such transaction on my account. The state tried with the pressure from the self acclaimed complainant to build a case that didn't exist until all matters were thrown out of court...14 months later.

It was a painful experience in the sense that all my assets were frozen. I had no access to funds and so had to stay home with my son. He couldn't attend school for the whole of 2010. There were also mysterious movement of frozen funds from my business account and the attorneys were also taking their unfair share of my pie so much that by the time the court ordered for my assets to be unfrozen, I was a broke man.

I had to however forfeit every cent that came fraudulent credit card transactions conducted at my business. I had lost hundred of thousands worth of stock and the money. It was a double...no, triple knock-out in the sense that I was broke, no stock and no money to restart the business and worse a tarnished reputation for running an illegitimate business. An allegation that was letter withdrawn with nothing much but just a claim of human error by the Prosecutor General. My name was splashed all over the newspapers and internet for this nonsense. No apology, no compensation.

Why didn't I sue them for this injustice? I was to sue the Curator Bonis, the 3 banks where the co-conspirators worked and the police because all these acts were done using state and bank resources and by the way, my business premises and home were raided and searched by cops and bank officer claiming to be protecting his bank's interests. Hmmm! I was already under arrest during this time and yet instead of being transported in a police van, I was driven from my office to my home and then the police offices of the Commercial Crimes Unit in a civilian bank officer's personal car.

Where were my lawyers in all this? Nowhere! Some lawyers have that mentality that before he can even go shake things up, you must send somebody to run to his office with R10,000 and then another R35,000 for bail application and an extra R30,000 for bail. After charges were thrown out of court, in order for us to file litigation against the four institutions I again had to put down another R50,000 for instructing an advocate whom I never got to see. On top of it all, I had more bills owed to TV stations and newspapers by my business. I was financially dead.

Why did I plan to sue the Curator Bonis in all this? Because my business was placed in his care, he could have let it continue after it was conceded by prosecution that the business wasn't illegitimate but instead he shut down my business saying he religiously doesn't support or condone lotteries or any form of gambling businesses. This man was now playing God over my life and my business. And guess what, all scratch cards and equipment that were seized at my business premises were never recovered or returned by the responsible officers to this day. This includes laptops.

You still ask why I didn't sue for loss of income and defamation? Well besides the fact that I had no money anymore, I was mentally and emotionally exhausted from months upon months of court battles. I didn't really have a proper emotional and financial back up or support structure. I had again only my sister accompanying my wife to court and it all looked well from the outside but behind closed doors there was a silent war brewing.

Besides the fact that my arrest made headlines, my vindication didn't even make it to the back of any newspaper or news website because it was no longer news, the same people who were supposed to stand by me through it all but instead laughed behind my back about my latest downfall were now the ones budgeting on how much their cut was going to be when I sue for damages.

The same people that said behind my back that I was a disgrace to their family name and associates who didn't want to be associated with me, were now feeling entitlement to my compensation and like fools that they are they were shopping for upmarket houses and luxury cars while I was walking trying to rebuild my life and business.

I had a close friend who used to brag about being my business associate and taking credit for a business he wasn't part of, even getting money here and there just for being my friend. When I was locked up and throughout the whole duration of my court battle he was only able to meet me in secret out of fear of being implicated in my alleged crimes.

However, with the new developments and prospects of me being awarded millions for my suffering, this dude all of a sudden stepped up and gave me his second car yet for over a year that I was fighting for my life and business I used taxis or walked. More about that in my book Friends Like These. Nonetheless, I walked away from all the possibilities of me being awarded millions because of the vultures around me.

I had to do press statements to inform the public that my business was cleared of any wrong doing but the damage to my reputation was done. Every business that I opened was demonized because of my dirty name. At home my wife was pressuring me to not open a business again in fear of another plotted attack from my enemies however I fear no man but God.

I set my sites on building a transport and logistics company as well as another online advertising business but shortly after that, the same idiotic network of my former friends in the banks conspired again and closed the bank accounts for both companies without valid reason except letters to the relevant branch managers stating that I was a high-risk client and referring the respective branches to media reports about court cases that I had been vindicated of months before. I'm not surprised by the case where case where certain commercial banks have cut ties with The Guptas based on media reports. I was again brought to my knees, running two businesses without bank accounts.

Water will always find a way around an obstacle in its path. If not, it will slowly but surely over time forge cracks in the obstacle until it breaks through the obstacle. I'm like that. That's why I always advise people not to stand in my way. Not that I'll beat them down or kill them but that if I don't work a way around them, my indomitable spirit will crack them up until they explode with envy.

I transferred ownership of my online advertising business into the name of a young man I always treated as a brother. I mentored this boy as he struggled to build his micro lending business, but he was struggling with the rent for his office. I didn't have an office at that time since I ran the advertising business from the laptop, so I offered to clear his rent bill of R26,000 on condition that we share the offices.

On top of it I boosted his capital base until his business picked up then one day this little idiot just changed locks to his office without notice because his business was now doing well and he didn't need me anymore. I was only called by my admin lady that her key was no longer fitting.

This boy ate regularly at my place and I covered a lot of his indiscretions at his work and this was how he thanked me. He stopped taking my calls and avoided me like a plague. The only good thing about him was that he didn't dare mess with my business bank account since it was in his name. I anyway didn't want to risk it because of the little backstabber could do that with his office what more could he be tempted to do?

I had to find another proxy for my business but didn't trust people anymore. Business was anyway slow again, but I had to take ownership of my business back and ended up using a post office savings account for it. At home things were not as sweet either because I was again not paying my rent on time. It was like a cursed cycle of failure. I was fed up of living in this cycle, but I went searching for a way out in the wrong places.

WHY I LEFT THE CHURCH

The church is a place where love must abound not only when we are pumping money into the ministry but even when the enemy attacks our health, our families, our work, our business, our finances or reputation. It's a painful shame that where we are supposed to run to for love and consolation is the same place that shares SMS after SMS amongst congregants telling them to check the newspaper of that day because what they always suspected finally happened.

It was during my dark hour that I learned that Jesus Christ or God should not be confused with the church. God's love abounds but some people are trying to take ownership of Jesus Christ and box him behind church walls and sometimes go as far as them sitting on the throne of judgment. From the time my wife introduced me to her church, I was told by a well-placed source that the key people in that church were actually against the idea of her marrying an ex-prisoner because once a thief, always a thief. I had even brought it to her attention, but she just brushed it off.

I stayed on laughing and having fellowship with them while I knew what they thought and said about me. The self-righteous brood of vipers. When business was good I used to be forced to stand in front, so they can pray for me. When I gave offering, or tithe I deposited straight into the bank account using relevant scripture as reference but as their treasurer always said, he always knew who made those deposits. God is my witness that none of those deposits were ill-gotten money. I may fear no man or pastor, but I fear God.

However, when I made headlines with my arrest and the false charges that were brought against me, the first people to circulate the tabloid newspaper were the church people. I was no longer the Brother Freddy they wanted to be in charge of church finances when my business was good. I was now Mr. Once-A-Thief-Always-A-Thief. Saying they had always known it wouldn't be long before I steal again. So, they said.

I struggled and starved with my family from the time I was arrested and got bail to the time I was finally cleared of all charges. Not a single one of the church leadership or congregation members bothered to come visit my home or let alone call or send a text to check on us. They may not have liked me even though they smiled with me, but my wife was a deacon and active member of their church, they could have at least come to see her and my son. What aggravated me even more was the fact that after word went around that I was no longer facing criminal charges, they started coming to see me behind each other's backs and rat each other out about who said what about me and who was convinced in their spirit that I was innocent. I had no respect for people like that, so I shut them out of my life, though I never stopped my wife and son from going to that church.

I was so bitter with the church and God. I can take what people say or think about me but for the church to turn their back on my son was a long-jagged knife in my back piercing right out through my heart. Imagine if it was death where I wouldn't come back to continue fending for my family. Why would God do this to my son? Even if he had turned his back on me, why would he be so cruel as to turn a blind eye to my son's suffering? From right there and then, I packed my bible away and wanted nothing to do with church or God.

BECOMING THE DEVIL'S OWN

"Again, the devil took him to a very high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and their splendour. 'All this I will give you,' he said, 'if you bow down and worship me'" - Matthew 4:8-9

I was like a young teenage boy rejected by friends or not getting the love and attention he deserves at home and ends up being enticed into the gang because they seem to care about him and understand his frustration so they step into the void as the brothers or friends or father figure he so much wishes he had. Gang don't recruit runners by chance. They take time studying their intended new recruit, identifying his weaknesses and strategizing on how to capitalize on them and entice him into the lifestyle of real G's.

Never take this bible verse lightly, "Be alert and of sober mind. Your enemy the devil prowls around like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour" – 1 Peter 5:8. The lamb that wanders off gets eaten by wolves. In this case the wolf who is restless like a hungry lion is subtle and so seductive. You won't feel his bite until you're being digested. And yes, I was that big fat lamb that wandered off because of desperation concocted with bitterness.

It's not by coincidence how the wrong people seem to show up at the right time to direct you in the wrong way. In my case, however, I was the one on a mission to become the devil's own. I was on a quest to find the Illuminati and join them. I started researching online about Satanic Pacts. Over the long dry painful weeks that came, I learnt as much as I could about the hierarchies of demons and angels.

I downloaded templates of satanic contracts, so I know how to tie all lose ends because many people go into it with the eyes on the money and the good life only to be tricked a few months later.

I wasn't going to sacrifice any member of my family especially my children or their mother. I was willing go to hell as long as I knew my children were sorted for life. It's the ultimate sacrifice I was ready and willing to make for my children but before I descended into the abyss, I was going to roll like the billionaire that I am to the pain, shame and disgrace of all those, including my wife and my family, who were happy to see me fail because I was an ex-convict, a useless father and a lame excuse of a husband. The challenge now was to find Lucifer himself. My life was already a living hell anyway so what did I have to lose?

People are under the illusion that it is easy to sell your soul to the devil. There are things you must have in place in order for you to be able to summon demons or Satan himself. One wrong mistake and you die right there and then. I didn't want to risk it so I chose to find an experienced satanic priest or priestess to do it for me. There's a saying that "If you can't find Satan himself, call one of his demons."

Conveniently I met someone who knew an old man in Zambia who was good at such matters though he wouldn't do it the way I thought or expected because he doesn't summon the devil himself but performs a ritual for you were you receive an endless supply of money as long as you gave a portion of the remaining years that you have left to live. In Zambia they call it 'Kulekisa lilimo', which means to sell your years or a portion of the remainder of your life to the devil.

For example, if you have 15 years left for you to live on earth they take 10 of those years and leave you with only 5 years to live whereby in those 5 years you never run out of money and everything your heart desires; whether it is power or luxury cars or for women to be enchanted by you. Whatever you want, you name it and it would be yours in abundance for those 5 years.

Though no one truly knows when you are going to die except God, the priests of that cult make you believe that you only have a few years left before you die, especially with the devil being the father of lies. God appointed for man to live for not less than 70 years (Psalm 90:10), or at least to live for 4 generations till you see your great grandchildren (*I have gone into a bit more detail about this in the teaching 'So Much Life To Live'*). As much as many people die before that time, premature death is not from God but from the devil who came to steal, kill and destroy. Many Christians just sit there like sheep being led to the slaughter saying, "It was my time to die." It never was anybody's time to die before serving his purpose.

I now had some direction but no money to get to Lusaka in Zambia to go meet this man. I ran around borrowing here and there until I got the full amount of R3,000 that the old man had told me to bring along when we spoke on the phone to confirm my appointment. Selling your soul is not cheap. Your soul is the only thing I know that costs you money to sell. The money was to buy a metal trunk, white cloth, 4 red candles, 2 big padlocks as well as for my accommodation.

I was meant to stay there for 3 days at most but ended up staying for a week because every time we reached a certain stage of the ritual, I was told the spirits want this and that for us to proceed. I would run around again and borrow from Lusaka's underground connections. It took me 7 days to realize that I was being taken for a ride. Even though they had invoked for me what could have been as much as US$20 million in cash, which I saw with my own eyes and touched with my own hands, the money would later vanish and what was left in the trunk were plain white pieces of paper.

I wasn't back to square one, but was now deeper in debt than before I went there. I tried threatening the old man but all he could say was that there was a curse on me that made that money disappear or turn into white paper. They refused to refund me saying they had done what they were paid to do, and the problem was with me. I begged for at least transport money to go back home, of which they at least they had the decency to help me get on the bus, or was it to get rid of me?

Every time I took a trip like this, obviously my wife would think I was having an affair because she could sense I was lying about something but since her insecurities got the best of her, she just stood on the accusation that I couldn't pay rent or support my family because I was always sneaking off to some guesthouse with some loose woman.

It was the frustration about the heap of United States Dollars and the thought of what I could have done with it that made me lose it when I slapped my wife. It was all that anger towards the old man who swindled me, and towards myself for having not seen it coming as well as the anger of always coming home to a nagging wife that always went out of her way to make me feel useless.

I was not going to abandon my quest for riches. I have always known since I was a boy that I was destined for great wealth. Prophets, witch doctors and psychics alike have told me over and over about my gift for seeing visions in my sleep and the wealth I was destined for. So if God wasn't going to give it to me, I was going to ask Satan for the wealth and let him use my gift for his evil work.

I continued with my search for someone with experience in summoning the devil and was eventually introduced to a Congolese magician called Dr. Roger. He specialised in creating spiritual money in hard cold cash. As in the case with all spiritual money, satanic money to be exact because there is no such thing as miracle money, a blood sacrifice was required.

Before I continue with my episode about Dr. Roger, allow me to briefly give you a reality check about miracle money. It's delusion and a trap for we Christians of the last days. We are a lazy generation looking for shortcuts to harvesting where we haven't planted. The Lord says in Genesis 8:22 that as long as the earth endures, seedtime and harvest...will never cease. He also affirms in Deuteronomy8:18 that he gave us the ***ability*** to ***produce wealth***.

This applies to money and faith. When you invest in a business you are planting seed and your harvest is called profit. If you are employed your seed is the skills and time you apply on your job and your wages or salary are your harvest. If you want to earn more money then you shouldn't eat your entire harvest but plant some of it in smaller business ventures that will eventually grow as long as you remain in good standing with the Lord.

There's a trend of epidemic proportions amongst Christians on social media where they're promised miracle money to appear in their bank accounts if they type 'Amen' and share or if they bring their entire salary to the church. These are the times that I wish Jesus Christ would pick a whip and run through some of these churches to whip those lazy ignorant Christians and give them a reality check. In this day and age, Christians are not supposed to perish or live in poverty due to their hunger for miracle but not for the Lord.

I'm not saying there is no such thing as miracle money because then I'd be saying God's miracles are only limited to certain things but not your finances. Miracle money is actually in the bible where Jesus Christ sent his disciples to go catch fish and remove the money they find in the fish's mouth to go pay taxes. My problem with miracle money is when people go to church to look for miracle money instead of going to seek salvation in Jesus Christ, in whom we find all the miracles we seek. Those who believe in Christ will receive their miracles because if miracle money doesn't exist then miracle healing also doesn't exist. But seek first the miracle worker and miracles will follow you (Matthew 6:33).

Now back to my miracle money. Upon my consultation with this magic doctor. He gave me names of young successful entrepreneurs from my hometown whom he provided with spiritual money. Yes, their success and lavish lifestyle are a lie. Blood sacrifices were made in order to get that small bottomless wooden box that gives you an endless supply of cash. All you had to do was cover it with a black cloth, pull the small drawer open with your hand underneath the black cloth and take out as much money as you need.

There I was with the small bottomless box in my hands practicing...lol! Dr. Roger didn't beat around the bush. He made it clear that I was to give blood in order for my little bottomless box to work. It didn't necessarily have to be my children that were to be sacrificed. Any blood relative would do. Luckily for me and unfortunately for them, it's cousins galore in my family. I have a truckload of them. As much as I would have picked from the ones who openly despised me but sitting there having to make such a decision, I realised that I had nothing but love for all my cousins. I couldn't go through with it. However, the R5,000 I had borrowed for the ritual was non-refundable. I was again in deeper debt than before.

With my persistent nature, there was no way I was going to give up. I needed to do this pact with the devil without having to spill innocent blood on Lucifer's altar. All I wanted was to pay off my debts, buy a mansion for my children, build my empire and leave a massive fortune for my children, my grandchildren and my great grandchildren, then go straight to hell. That's the ultimate sacrifice I had to make for the people I love because Jesus Christ made his ultimate sacrifice for the people he loves, and I felt I wasn't one of those Jesus loves.

I searched relentlessly for satanic high priest until I came across one renowned cult master in Johannesburg, South Africa but he was charging a hefty fee to facilitate a pact with the fallen angel himself, Lucifer. I was tired of begging and my streak of bad luck didn't seem to end so I was going to go ahead and sell my soul, but where was I going to get R50,000? Trust me, Satan's time is money and selling your soul isn't cheap.

The money is used to buy the necessary items needed to perform the ritual to summon Satan. All these are rear and don't come cheap. I was determined to raise that R50,000 even if it meant I begged, stole and borrowed.

While running around for the R50,000 I came across another small time occult guru who would help me with a simple ritual to summon a lower money demon that would help me by collecting as much money for me as I wanted every night. It sounded simple and all I had to give was R2,000 and no blood sacrifice at all...or so I was told. But the devil is a liar.

This spirit or demon I was to be given would 'faithfully' run around the whole night collecting money for me from all sorts of places such as homes, businesses and banks. It can easily collect half a million in cash in a single night. They do exist these demons but apparently they are very stubborn and difficult to tame. Many rich people who have them have tried to get rid of them after receiving way more than they needed to get out of debt but once you have it then it's yours for life but you must give it everything it asks for.

Like I said a few paragraphs above, the devil is a liar. This little demon first starts with simple demands such as water and food but once you have become accustomed to the good life it makes the damming request. The blood of your first-born child. That's not negotiable. The worst part is this...

That little spirit is someone's foetus stolen from a womb through an abortion or a spiritually induced miscarriage. I wasn't informed about all this. All I was told was that I should not at all get scared with what I see or hear during the ritual.

At that point in my life I had gone through so much hell for anything to scare me. When the facilitator of the ritual said not to be scared, I thought he meant because we were to perform the ritual at 12 o'clock noon in a cemetery deep in the forest. We arrived on time at the cemetery and I was told to find a grave of a child. Besides the date on the tombstone, I was able to tell by the size of the grave. We had brought along a small box that looked like a miniature coffin. It wasn't larger than a size 6 shoe. We also had half a dozen eggs, a needle and a white bowl of water.

I had to throw an egg backwards over my head in the four directions from east to north to west and then south. The fifth egg was crashed on my head. *Please don't try this at home or anywhere else*. The facilitator put the miniature coffin on the small grave I had identified as a child's grave and then I was told to kneel before the grave, place the last egg upright at the head of the miniature coffin. He gave me the long needle which I was to slowly and gently pierce the top of the egg while repeating the words he was to give me.

I had barely touched the egg with the needle and neither had the facilitator of the ritual started to speak when a strong wind came down on us straight from above. I felt totally paralyzed and for a short while thought it was part of the ritual but the look on the conjuror's face told me otherwise. The wind lasted about 30 seconds that seemed to stretch into 30 minutes and then it lifted back upwards. There was calm again. This wasn't normal everyday wind that blows from east to west or north to south. This wind came from the heavens and went back up again. I thought to proceed was the best thing to do when I noticed that the egg was squashed like someone had stepped on it and the miniature coffin was open with sand in it.

The facilitator scolded me for something I didn't understand as he quickly picked up his tools and started walking towards his village. It was midday but felt like a horror movie's midnight. I have never seen a black man so scared and so pale. He almost looked like a leather shoe that hadn't been polished for a long time. But why was he angry with me? What did he see that I didn't see since I was blinded by my quest to get rich or die trying?

I was only to find out later that it was an angel of God who came down and destroyed that wicked abominable altar we had made because not only would I have perished into hell after a short while because I was to die a sudden death with all my wicked money vanishing after I am put to rest, but the foetus that evil man was going to use was none other than my then unborn daughter Thando. I'll tell you how I found this out in the next chapter.

There I was trying to get money to feed my son and soon-to-be-born daughter only for that wicked man to try and take both my soul and my baby's soul for his demonic operations. I later learnt why my daughter almost died in the 7th month and was born prematurely. In fact the doctors removed her to save the mother but my little girl is a fighter. She soldiered on in that incubator for 2 more months till she was discharged with a prescription for an oxygen tank that would have cost us R11,000 but she survived without oxygen and today she is a six-year old strong girl.

Still blinded by my ambitions for quick spiritual money, and still not aware about the repercussions of my selfish actions because I don't think it was about feeding my kids anymore but about my bruised ego, I still searched for Satan, so I may sell my soul without having to kill any of my loved ones.

I started to understand that the cheaper the services offered for spiritual money, the greater the risk. Like I always say, “Cheap is expensive!” because when you buy cheap you will spend more money in the long run fixing or replacing. However, this kind of cheap wasn't going to cost me replaceable or fixable damage. The only option I had was to raise the R50,000 I needed for my appointment with Satan.

I managed to borrow R20,000 from a friend, borrowed another R15,000 from a Senegalese businessman who charged me 100% interest, but I didn't mind because I knew I was going to come and throw at him ten times more money than he had loaned me. I had a total of R35,000 and still needed another R15,000. It's funny how when you are desperate for the devil's things there is always a plan no matter how foolish or shameful. I borrowed another R10,000 from my son’s school because the owners were old friends from university. Again, I thought when I come back I would pay them back double and secretly donate R150,000 to the school for the orphans they took in and provide quality education for free. Oh well...

I now was R5,000 short and also needed money for transport and accommodation because I was to spend two weeks or so to complete my initiation and training. To this day I still don't recognize the man I had become between 2011 and 2012. I sold a stake of my paper company in Namibia for R20,000 to two gullible friends who wouldn't lend me the money but the possibility of cashing in on a multi-million-dollar contract moved them to sponsor me with a ticket to Turkey which I cancelled and got the refund on. I played on their greed and desire to make easy money on my sweat.

I'm not saying I'm proud of what I did. If I was I wouldn't be talking so openly about it now. However back then it was the smartest thing to do. Go around betraying the trust of people just so I could feed my ambition to be the most powerful and meanest wealthy man tormenting those who betrayed me by living large in their faces.

My appointment was finally set to meet the Nigerian grandmaster who was to initiate me into the occult. Yes, he was Nigerian. And yes again, some of the things you see in those Nigerian movies is based on what actually goes on in the real underworld. And yes still, it always backfires.

I went for my first consultation where I was counselled on what was involved as well as what I was to lose and gain. I was asked over and over if I was ready, willing and able to work with the devil. I was ready. I was willing. I was going to be enabled through the initiation ceremony. But there was a prerequisite for the initiation. I was to abstain from sex and alcohol for seven full days leading to the initiation. In those 7 days I was to eat only raw vegetables and fruits. No cooked food at all. If Satanists can sanctify themselves for Satan, why are we Christians too reluctant to fast for God and stay pure without sex and booze just for a few days?

The seven days of sanctification for Satan felt like seven weeks but training day was finally here. I was excited and anxious at the same time. What if this was just another one of the many failed attempts to attain wealth from the kingdom of darkness? Yet still, I was ecstatic about being the devil's own. I was going to be rich, powerful and heartless...or so I thought. Never once did I have any second thoughts about it because it was strictly between Satan and I. No blood sacrifice, just me being turned into a demon when I die...or so I thought.

If there's one simple thing you have to appreciate about serving Jesus Christ as your Lord, it's the fact that he wants a relationship with you based on mutual love and adoration. No rituals to be performed naked in a dark room. But then it's why they call it the dark kingdom. I was ushered into the grandmaster's office where I ordered to strip naked before being ushered deeper into the adjacent dark temple.

Another thing that has dwelt on my mind since then was the fact that I was to make sure I bathed and was clean before I entered the temple. Yet as Christians we could just get up, wipe our faces no matter how much sex we had the night before and go to church. So much for showing respect to the Holy One's place of worship. Unless of course the Spirit of God is nowhere in that church. Sorry if I'm being too blunt but fact is fact!

As I proceed to share the details of the rituals I was trained to perform in the temple, be reminded that I was warned never to share this with anyone lest I drop dead immediately or I become mad. I will however refrain from giving you details of the incantations used to summon the demons and to conjure a huge heap of cash. I'm here to share my testimony and not to tempt you into making spiritual money. It might cost you your life, especially if you're not trained to appease demons when they manifest.

This was a contract with Satan, Naija style. I had prepared a long Memorandum of Understanding with all the terms and conditions of our business relationship. I guess my soul was worth that much to Satan so if he was going to have it then he had to have to make it worthwhile for me. It was going to be my way or the highway to hell. There's no such thing at all, though they make you believe otherwise.

There's one thing that Christians and unbelievers alike should know and understand. The devil doesn't want your soul. The devil doesn't need your soul. The devil can't have your soul because it belongs to God who breathed it into you when he created you. When you sin you're contaminating the part of God that's in you. The devil is not at all buying your soul but is giving you an illusion of wealth at the cost of you disobeying and disrespecting and insulting the Lord. The wealth Satan gives you is not real that's why he doesn't mind giving you billions that you will enjoy for a short time and spend eternity in hell.

Satan's real gain is the pain and heartbreak God feels when you have to go to hell. The devil gets a kick out of the Lord's sadness and loss of a precious loved one. You can serve in the kingdom of darkness with all your might to please the devil but once you die, he will have the greater pleasure of tormenting you in hell. In other words, you mean nothing to Satan. He hates you as much as he hates the fact that Jesus Christ saved us from sin by dying on the cross and rising on the third day after taking the keys of hell from Satan. The worst part is that once you sign a blood contract with the devil, you legally and spiritually give him total control over your life and death. When he is done helping you live your dream, he kills you at the time you least expect it.

And there I was with 6 pages of my terms and conditions of how my life was going to be, only to be told by the grandmaster that my terms and conditions were just mere fantasy because in the dark temple I was to receive instructions on what to do for the wealth I was going to get. I was not at all going to make any blood sacrifice but would live up to an appointed year in time as was to be determined in the dark temple. After that I was to serve as a demonic spirit. That was going to be easy...or so I thought.

And so, initiation and training commenced. I had with me a black rooster and a small bag of grain. The purpose of the male chicken and the mealie grain or corn was this... I was instructed to count 20 grains of corn and place it in the circle of protection in a straight line with 15 outside a clay pot big enough to fit fat chicken in it. The remaining 5 grains were placed in the pot.

The rooster was to eat the grain from the first one into the pot following the straight line. I had kept that black rooster hungry for the seven days that I was fasting in preparation for the initiation. I only fed it enough to keep it alive till the day of initiation. I placed the rooster in the circle of protection for it to start eating but it didn't move at all. I was worried because the number of grains it ate would be equal to the number of years I was going to live. But if the chicken didn't eat a single grain at all, I would only live for that very day and die before sunrise of the day that followed.

And the stupid chicken had conveniently lost its appetite. I could feel my face turn grey with worry and panic. The grandmaster shouted at me for just standing there in panic when I was supposed to command the rooster to eat because animals hear our commands in the spirit. I commanded the damned chicken to eat like my life depended on it, because it actually did depend on it. And the chicken ate one, then I froze staring at the clay pot. I commanded some more but it stood for what seemed like 5 hours, yet it was nothing more than 5 minutes. Then it ate another grain and froze again like it knew what was going to happen once it reached the pot.

I was pleading for the grandmaster to have more patience with the chicken when he decided it was time to move to the next phase of the initiation. The actual summoning of the demons. As exciting as it was, the experience was scary plus my spirit was down because I was disappointed in the fact that my longevity was determined by a slow black rooster. I also later realized that the sooner I died the more the grandmaster was to be rewarded for handing me over in a short time.

I was a fan of horror movies since childhood but what happened next was scarier than anything I've ever watched before. I was not given anything to drink at the temple for me to suspect that I was being delirious and neither was there any hologram projector in the temple. Yes it was dark but there was deem light coming from the three red candles placed at each point of the triangle of truth.

The triangle of truth is where the devil and demons are subjected to stand when making a pact or an oath like the courtroom dock a witness stands in to testify under oath. There are spiritual laws that apply to the circle of protection and the triangle of truth that demons are subject to. They can't touch you when you're in the circle of protection and they can't go back on the vows they make while standing in the triangle of truth. However, getting them into the triangle of truth is the ultimate challenge.

This was it! My first attempt at conjuring demons. Up to this point nothing in my heart suggested I should reconsider. I had come this far and gone through a lot of painful disappointments for me to chicken out now.

Anyway, this was just a practice run. The final process of the initiation was still to come. At this point in time I was summoning the demons and commanding them to serve me with a trunk full of hard cold cash. I wasn't yet officially a member of the brotherhood and so getting them to obey me was an experience from hell.

I repeated the incantation that I was instructed to say over and over but nothing happened. I was about to give up as negative thoughts of my previous experience with fly-by-night satanic priests flashed through my head. I looked at the grandmaster in disappointment, but he said carry on until they manifest. Just when I repeated the incantation one more time I felt a pair of dry, cold but powerful hands grab me just below my calves to try and pull me out of the circle of protection.

I yelled like a mouse. I even felt more like a mouse when another pair of similar creepy hands started pulling me from the waist. They sent electrical charges throughout my body from where they held me. I thought I was going to die. The third demon grabbed me by the elbows. They were mad because I woke them from their sleep and I was unknown to them. That's the danger of summoning spirits without proper guidance. They can kill you or torment you like you're mad.

I was sweating like a pig. I looked around me to see the creatures trying to get me out of the circle of protection. I couldn't see any of them. Remember the temple was deem in candlelight but was not at all dark. The grandmaster kept on shouting for me to stand firm because they were seriously going to kill me as soon as I set one foot out of the circle of protection. As long as I stood firm in the circle of protection they could just pull and push me around to scare me, so I could jump out to where they were not bound not to touch me.

I later heard that some people would jump out of fear and drop dead immediately. Then questions ran through my mind. What would this tall, mean-looking Nigerian priest do with my body? Then the cold answer hit me immediately. Like the devil and his demons are not our friends, neither was this evil hunk. Yes, he was a hunk. The kind that these naïve girls, whose only ambition in life is to get a 'blesser', would throw themselves at his feet not knowing they'd end up as sacrifices at the Black Friday feast, and their bodies dumped or buried in shallow graves.

Just like he would have done to me had I dropped dead in front of him. I thank God for fighting spirit and my will to overcome. I stood firm with my mind on my money and my money on my mind. I refuse to this day to be just any other sad statistic in life. I was here for a purpose and that purpose was to be initiated into the brotherhood or Illuminati as you know it.

So where was the devil himself? He had delegated his appearance to the gatekeepers of the treasure vaults of hell. Remember, if you can't find Satan call his demons. I'm not encouraging you to do it. It is a figure of speech. I will not tell you the incantation I recited to summon them, but they were Asmodeus or Amadeus, the devil's arch demon pirate of wealth, and his two generals, Tulkus and Inanas. Please be warned not to attempt to summon any of the abovementioned demons. Pastor Freddy International Ministry or Situmbeko Media & Communications (Pty) Ltd and myself, shall not be responsible for the consequences thereof. I am well aware that even born-again Christians do foolish things when faced with desperate situations. I was one of them, remember!

Whilst fighting not to be pulled out of the circle of protection and my naked self drowning in my own sweat, I almost screamed out to the demons, “In the name of Jesus Christ, leave me alone!” but as if the grandmaster had anticipated this, he interjected with a loud “Hey! Don't even say that in this temple unless you want us both to die! Just command them to calmly enter the triangle of truth.”

It was hard hearing the grandmaster’s instructions while fighting to hold my ground in the circle of protection, but I did as he asked. I commanded the 3 demons to enter the triangle of truth but they didn't move. They kept shaking and vibrating me. Demons and other evil spirits will always test you by ignoring you when you give them a command to follow. They check to see if you're sure of the authority you're commanding them by. The more I instructed for them to enter the triangle of truth the more they got aggressive but eventually they gave in and moved. The grandmaster confirmed that they were in the triangle of truth and that I could proceed with the incantation to acknowledge and appease them, after which I was to do a trial run to request them to give me money.

Before me was a small wooden box like the ones magicians use, but the size of a 3-year old child's casket. I checked that wooden box when it was placed in the circle of protection after the disappointing exercise with the rooster that was too lazy to eat. The box was empty. On top of the box was a ring the size of a bracelet made of a special kind of leaves. It emitted a disgusting aroma. I didn't know what the purpose of this ring was until after I appeased the demons to fill that box with South African Rands when it burst in flames a few seconds later. That was a sign to confirm that the money has been deposited into the box. It was like the SMS notification you get from the bank.

The grandmaster told me to open the box and wow! It was full of brand new crispy notes in R100 and R200 bills. He told me to take a handful from the cash and place it at my feet and then close the wooden box. I grabbed as much as my hand could take, slightly over R3,000 and did as was instructed. I closed the wooden box and was told to open it again.

The money was gone but in the box was a letter hand-written on plain A4 paper. I was to read and memorize its content after I was done in the temple. I thanked the demons for the money and repeated the incantation to appease them 3 times and bed them farewell over and over until the 3 candles at the points of the triangle of truth went off like someone had blown the out. The grandmaster confirmed to me that they were gone back into the Abyss and so it was safe for me to step out of the circle of protection.

I was still shaking in amazement of what had just transpired so much that I forgot the cash on the floor to rush out of the temple in case the demons were still present and just hiding in wait for me to be out of the circle of faith, but the grandmaster using harsh tone asked me where I was running to and firmly commanded me to pick up the cash on the floor. I picked it up and handed it over to the grandmaster and he told me to keep it. It was mine to spend. Yippee! I had enough money to sustain me during the coming days because as I was to find out, I was to spend 7 days starting at the night of the full moon at the graveyard from midnight to 5am. That's why the box-load of the remaining cash went back into the spirit world. It wasn't officially mine yet until I finished the last phase of the initiation.

We got back into the grandmaster's office from the temple and after getting dressed, I sat down to read the instructions I was given by the demons. Only then did I realize that I didn't get to bind the demons with an oath while they were in the triangle of truth. The grandmaster told me it was irrelevant because after the final ritual, I would be given 3 spirits that would be 24/7 at my disposal as bodyguards. They would serve me with anything I ask and would kill anyone who dares try to harm me.

I was to memorize the instructions and burn the letter before I left the grandmaster's office. I was never to reveal the content of that letter to anyone or else I'd die or go mad. That's rubbish because greater is Jesus Christ in me than the devil I almost sold my soul to. Jesus Christ overcame death and took the keys of hell from Satan. I fear nobody but God because he is with me and in Jesus Christ I'm more than a conqueror.

Remember that I paid R50,000 for materials needed to make this pact happen. Those materials included ashes of a deceased rich man from India, blood of a special kind of dove, egg of a vulture, seed of the devil's bean, a clove of garlic, the magic clay pot and the magic sword which was my token of membership to the brotherhood.

I will not go into details of what I was to do with the items listed above during the seven nights I was to spend at Mooifontein Cemetery in Tembisa, not because I fear death or the spirit of madness but because I refuse to tempt you into doing the unthinkable. I don't think you are strong enough for all this stuff. Especially since you're not brave enough to spend 7 nights at a cemetery and so you with be tempted to try this at home at the risk of demons possessing you or killing you and your family. As much as God's people die for lack of knowledge according to Hosea 4:6, it is in your best interest that you don't know this.

I was given everything I needed to prepare for and perform the final and crucial part of the initiation...the 7 nights at the graveyard. I went during the day to scout for a hole in the fence where I would sneak in and out of the cemetery undetected. I then picked a suitable grave where I was to spend the next 7 nights. I went back home and got myself ready to come back later that night for the first night of a long week. I was going to commute every night at 21:00 from Johannesburg City Centre to Tembisa and back from Tembisa to Johannesburg the next morning at 6am for 7 long nights.

The first night was a Monday night. The last night of the ritual would be Sunday so the next Monday would find me rich and powerful. I went to Tembisa much earlier on the first night because I wanted to monitor the movements around the side of the cemetery where I was to sneak in. I felt like a thief in the night casing a place to rob. After being satisfied that it was safe and quiet, I went back to the main road and took a nap, like a thief, in the grass next to the Sasol filling station. I set the alarm to wake me up at 23:45.

It was important that I sleep a bit because one of the instructions was that I stay awake by the grave from midnight till dawn. But I couldn't sleep. Excitement and anxiety had robbed me of sleep. Time moved very slowly but it was 23:45 eventually and I creeped into the cemetery to the grave that was to be my altar for the next 7 nights. I was now dwelling among the creatures of the night. Owls, bats, ghosts, witches, you name them. I was now one of them.

It was a few seconds to midnight and my altar was set. I was, yes you guessed right, naked because I had to hide my clothes at the place I used to sneak into the cemetery. Everything was set according to instruction. I dug a hole into the grave. It was deep enough to bury an upright 2 litre cool drink bottle. But it was meant for the magic pot and its contents. I buried the pot and marked the spot with the dead man's ashes as well as dove blood. It was to remain in this grave for the next 7 nights.

I took position with the magic sword, pointing it at the spot where the magic pot was buried, I invoked the demons by reciting the incantation I was given. With that being done, I was to sit in the company of these evil spirits and do nothing till 5am. The night was long and cold but I was to sit there naked all night and do or say nothing. I wasn't allowed to sleep or even slumber. It would be an insult to the evil spirits summoned to minister to me all night. The presence of these spirits was always confirmed by an owl that would come sit on the tombstone of my chosen grave from midnight and fly away into the dark at 5am. At 5am I was to do the incantation to send the demons back, get dressed and go home.

I was to repeat this boring exercise for 6 nights and some nights it would rain but I was to stay put and not dare cover myself. On the last night of the initiation, instead of sitting up all night, I was to sleep on the cold ground next to the grave and wake up at 5am to do the confirmation ritual by digging out the magic pot and burn its contents. This is where I saw and learned that when Jesus Christ says 'NO!', nobody can say 'YES'.

As abominable as it was to sit naked by a grave all night for 6 nights doing nothing but sit and wait for dawn in the company of an owl, it was even more diabolical to sleep naked next to the grave at the risk of being molested by evil spirits. But I had to do it. I had to follow instruction and not question it. That is how it should be with our loving God. Follow his instructions knowing it is for our eternal good.

This is why with the same dedication and determination I gave to Satan, even to the point of signing up for eternal death in hell, I stand for the light, the love and the truth of God in Jesus Christ. I do this so that you may learn from my mistakes and turn your life around before it is too late. You as a born-again Christian can't wake up at midnight to pray just for an hour while Satan makes it a point that his followers stay awake from midnight to dawn to advance the kingdom of darkness.

We are a generation of lazy Christians. However, what Satan meant for evil, God turned it for his good. It was hard, but the 7 nights spent in the cemetery from midnight till dawn were in fact training for me to be able to wake up at midnight and pray. To be able to engage in spiritual warfare for hours. To be able to engage in meaningful conversation with God. To be able to spit out deadly prayers of substance because I now know what many Christians don't know. That's the good that God brought out of my fellowship with demons.

And so for the pleasure of the evil one, I stayed up all night not in the comfort of my home but in a cemetery fighting hard not to slumber nor sleep.

If the devil only knew he was training me for overnight prayers, he would have rejected my enrolment to his academy of darkness. Nonetheless, on the 7th and final night of my initiation when I was required to sleep from midnight to dawn, I actually couldn't sleep at all. So much that I wished I had brought a sleeping pill with me.

But imagine the spectacle I would have caused by oversleeping only to be awakened in broad daylight by cemetery security and the public. Imagine how all those photos and video clips of a naked man would have gone viral. I would have become famous for the wrong reason. I guess I would have had to pretend to be a ghost because I would have been dead anyway if the members of the community found me performing satanic rituals in their loved ones' final place of rest. Mob justice is the order of day in many townships around South Africa.

Thank God I hadn't brought a sleeping pill with me. I had to find a way to fall asleep and somehow I did. The alarm on my mobile phone went off at 04:45 as I had set it because I had 15 minutes to unbury the magic pot from where I had buried it in the grave I had set as my altar, burn the dried contents, mix it in a glass of water and drink. After which the spirits would emerge from underground through the grave I had set as my altar and confirm our pact.

I actually needed only 10 minutes to accomplish all this and say the final incantation and exit the cemetery for the last time at exactly 5am. However, that was not to be. My portion was on fire for more than half an hour without burning, no matter how much paraffin I put on it. None of the stuff in the pot burned even though they were on fire.

It was already close to 05:30 in the morning and way past my closing time. I had to get dressed and get out of the cemetery because the son was rising much faster than usual and people were already moving to and fro in a rush to get to work.

At one point I had to lie down flat between the graves because the cemetery security guards were doing their last rounds before changing shifts at 6am. I kept the fire burning a bit longer with the hope that everything in the pot would be incinerated. It all was in flames but not at all burning. It was like bush that was on fire, but the leaves didn't burn at all when God spoke to Moses in Exodus 3. I packed everything including the magic pot, got dressed and snuck out of the cemetery without being noticed. However, the contents of the magic pot had a weird stench that earned me looks of disgust in the minibus taxi. There was nothing nice about the smell, especially with the contents being a concoction of satanic herbs, devil's bean seed and the rare egg of a vulture.

I got home feeling tired and disappointed again! I had my suspicions as to why what happened did happen. This was supposed to be the first Monday of the rest of my wealthy life but that's not how God had it all planned out. There I was with a smelly clay pot and no money to show for the seven nights I spent naked in the cemetery. I called the grandmaster and told him what happened...or rather what didn't happen. He was furious with me saying I angered and dishonoured the spirits, but he also knew exactly what happened since he was present even though I couldn't see him. Then I remembered the owl that always sat on the tombstone from midnight to 5am. He suggested that I raise money to start afresh or directly make a blood sacrifice to complete the last part of the initiation.

Don't put the book down yet. There is more for you to digest but first let me share with you simple facts about levels of satanic rituals that people, especially Christians, don't believe to be true.

*****

Have you ever had that experience where you withdraw cash, or someone gives you cash, and you are sure of how much it is, only to find out when you recount it at home that some of it is missing? As unbelievable as it may sound, there is someone stealing your money without even having to come into contact with you. Here's how some of them do it? I had a choice between the following two pacts that don't require much sacrifice when I got drawn into the dark world.

I call them the *Money Bags* rituals. The first one requires that you go to the cemetery every night of the full moon for seven nights but you don't get to sleep in the cemetery like I did because the pact I was doing was a higher pact with higher ranking demons. With this one the person only had to go to the cemetery at midnight and perform the ritual from midnight to 01:00, then get dressed and go home to sleep. Yes of course, you had to do it naked.

When you sign up for this simple pact, you are given what looks like a pebble but it is actually a hardened but undisclosed human body part that you are given to go perform the ritual with at the cemetery for those seven nights. When the seven nights are over, you then take whatever cash you have and rub that hard stone like thing against each and every note or coin you have then you go spend it on anything.

Before you go on your spending spree, you are required to take that stone and place it in an average size travelling bag and hide the bag where no one can see it or let alone touch it and open it. It doesn't matter how much you got, whether it's just a 10, or 20 or 50 or a few 100s. All you have to do is spend the money. Every bank note or coin that you rubbed will take with it whatever other money it comes into contact with whether in a cash register of a shop, in a bank or in your wallet and pocket.

In the morning when you wake up, you'll find your bag full of cash that the money you sent out has collected while you slept at night. This continues for weeks or even months until that stone or hardened human organ loses its power and you have to go back to the satanic priest for restoration. This is where you'll realize that as simple as it seemed, with all the easy money, there's nothing for free in the underworld.

Yes, you paid to get access to that little organ and to be trained to perform that ritual, a package that may well cost around ten thousand bucks. However, all you did was buy a blood thirsty little demon. When you go back to the satanic priest, they'll tell you that you need to put a drop of human blood onto it whenever it stops bringing in money. It has to be blood of your child or any family member. Once you've successfully put the drop of blood on the hardened organ, you'll rub bank notes and coins against it and it will continue to harvest from people's wallets and tills.

The deeper truth is that like blood hounds, you've actually sacrificed a relative with that drop of blood and the demon behind it now knows the person you stole the blood from and so whenever it runs around all night collecting money for you, it comes back thirsty and so it has to drink.

It drinks from that person because it knows the person from the first drop of blood. You'll realize that the person's health starts to deteriorate until he or she dies, unless a real man of God experienced in spiritual warfare steps in to break the scent that this demon is following to trace the person it's drinking blood from. Many people use small kids because they are the easiest to draw blood from without anyone suspecting. The other easy targets are menstruating women who carelessly dispose of tampons or sanitary pads that a person with evil intentions can squeeze out blood from it.

Once the first person who's blood you took dies or breaks free, you obviously move on to the next victim because you would have tasted the good life by then and so it won't be easy to let go of that lifestyle you're now used to. However, once you run out of victims because you have either finished off your family members or the remaining ones are true believers and pray always, then you'll be taken by demons for a sacrificial feast. Yes' they will kill you because they have no use for you anymore.

However, I'll say this over and over that as long as you are alive, there is still hope for redemption in Jesus Christ. I am living proof. But make no mistake of thinking you can do this knowing that Jesus will reach in and rescue you out of the cult on time like he did for me. He will do that if you are truly repentant and are calling unto him to get you out (Joel 2:32), or that he allowed you, like in my case, to foolishly go into that world so that you may help save many from dying at the hands of the devil and his agents.

The second *Money Bags* ritual is somehow simpler than the one I just described but seriously disturbing especially to women who find themselves being spoiled financially by wealthy random men. This ritual is sex orientated and requires no drop of blood **but**...

First of all, you also pay a few thousands for the ingredients needed to perform this ritual. On your appointment with your priest who will initiate you into this dark practice, you'll have to bring a stack of cash not less than 1,000. The cult priest then burns the cash that you came with and mixes the ashes with evil herbs and oil from melted snake fat. The mixture is rolled into a ball slightly smaller than a gold ball. More or less the round head of your roll-on deodorant, if you use one. No offense, some people use the deodorant stick. This ball is then put in a sock that you were asked to bring along when you made the appointment.

Please don't try what you are about to do at home, school, church or anywhere else. This ritual is strictly meant for men because what happens is that he must find a woman with whom he will have excessive sex with on a regular basis, willing wives are welcome too...lol, after which he takes that sock which he was obviously hiding somewhere under the mattress and then wipe the overspill off the woman's private parts immediately after sex, before she gets out of bed.

This is supposed to carry on for 7 consecutive days with the same woman and if they skip a day then the whole process starts again. Through all this time, the woman or the subject is never to see this sock.

After a successful 7-day run, the sock is to be buried on a busy road, tarred or gravel doesn't matter. But is must be buried there at midnight and removed before dawn after the seventh night. So this ritual would have taken fourteen days in total for it to work. When the sock is unburied, it is then placed in a normal size travelling bag that no one should ever see. From that day onwards, whoever passes that place where the sock was buried, money is taken from their wallet, pocket or purse, whether they are driving or on foot.

The condition is that the man should make sure he keeps his subject happy by buying her whatever she wants, using the money from this bag of course. The happier she is the more money the sock pulls every night. If ever they fight or argue or quarrel, he must make sure she forgives him before the night comes or at least before midnight. Now here comes the **but**...

That's why they recommend that the man doing this must have a side chick because along the way as weeks go by and you're now accustomed to waking up to a bag full of cash, while you sleep, the snake spirit collecting or that money for you takes over the sexual intercourse with that woman and will never allow you again to sleep with her because the whole time you were using that sock with ashes of cash mixed with snake fat to wipe her private parts, you were offering her as a wife to the snake and the more he has sex with her the more money he puts in your bag.

Here's something to think about. The man in such instance is performing all these abominable rituals for the love of money, which is the root of all evil (the love of it, not the money itself or else God wouldn't give us the ability to create wealth if money was evil), offering the woman as a wife to a snake spirit, without her consent.

He also doesn't know this, all because they love money they never worked for...and such is done under the blanket of fornication...hmmm!

Now let's cross over to the other side of this dark veil and look at the people whose money is being stolen by these spirits mentioned in the rituals above. They are people who do not pray, even if they pray they have a lot of issues such as anger, unforgiveness, ungratefulness, always complaining, always gossiping, jealous and envious as well as also consulting ungodly spirits. The living God will not protect you and yours if you run to your dead ancestors for protection.

Another way that people open doors to be victims of these thieving spirits is by not giving offering and tithe as a way of honouring God who gave you the ability to make money (Deuteronomy 8:18; Psalm 37:4, Psalm 50:23; Malachi 3:10). I recommend that you read the whole Psalm 37, especially if you are the kind of person who likes to borrow and not pay back. That is an open window for the devil to steal your money. You do not pay your debts but you still end up broke. Where does your money go? The only way to protect your money from such is through tithe, offering and alms or giving to the needy and not the greedy.

*****

Short boys, cats and pythons are what witches and wizards use to steal money and groceries from your homes and pockets. Yes, I know we now have scam artists have entered this dark sinister area by pretending to conjure these creatures for people for a fee under pretence that these creatures will run through hundreds of homes and shops and banks in one night to collect hundreds of thousands of cash for them.

The true side of this is that there are indeed evil witch doctors out there who conjure these money grabbing spirits and put them in bodies of either spiritually kidnapped little boys, cats or even giant snakes like python because the bigger the snake, the greater amount of cash it can swallow and carry.

Spiritually kidnapped boys are indeed little children that wizards kill to the natural eye and their families bury them, yet these children have been removed from the natural world into a dark realm where rituals are performed to merge their bodies with money grabbing demons that will now operate through them to steal from house to house at night while people sleep. They are referred to short boys because of the sight of ash-painted midgets running around your house in the dark. There are people who are able to see them and even trap them.

As for the animals like pythons and cats and mostly monkeys, the wizards turn these into terrible beats for their clients using the living body of the animal and taking the spirit of a blood relative that the client sacrifices then putting that spirit into the animal's body and bringing it into submission of the wizard's client.

Please do not try this at home because all these creatures at this juncture are no longer little human boys or normal animals but are now evil spirits that turn against the owner along the way and start demanding blood in exchange for the money they bring every night. If you do not voluntarily give them, they start harvesting your loved ones at a rate of one every six months or one every year. It is not easy to exorcise them and they eventually kill the owner. So please, I say again: do not try this at home or anywhere else.

If you have been a victim of money or food or clothes mysteriously disappearing from your house, chances are that you have been robbed by either real thieves or thieving demons. The good news is that you can fortify your household, your belongings and your money by giving tithe and offering to the Lord through your church because God challenges you to test him in Malachi 3:10 and in verse 11 he guarantees to prevent anything that tries to steal your blessings from doing so. You see, by withholding tithe and offering, you rob God (Malachi 3:8), and in return, the devil robs you of all that and more (John 10:10).

In tithing and offering, you are not only preventing the enemy from stealing your finances but also from stealing your children and your unborn children because they are a blessing that Satan is determined to destroy and kill. Satan not only gets them involved in drugs and gangs or prostitution but also lets witches kill them while they are still small and turn them into thieving zombies.

*****

Selling off of years and fertility is one of the most common pacts or contracts people go for when they join satanic cults. People who do not have children and their love for children is overridden by their desire for quick riches always go for this pact. They go into a deal with a satanic priest who conjures demons that will make them prosper in everything they do and those demons harvest their unborn children as an offering. They end up never having children throughout their lives and when the day comes, they have to give account to the Lord because all children are from God, no matter how they came. God gave us our children long before we conceived them. Read Psalms 139:13-16 and Jeremiah 1:5.

As for those who already have children, and the children are the reason they seek wealth so that they can go to the best schools and colleges, well, they often opt for the pact where they sell off a portion of their remaining years to live in exchange for massive amounts of money flowing through their bank accounts and drawers at home everyday

For example, if the person still had thirty years ahead of them to live, they offer half of those years to the devil. They live 15 years of leisure and money and after those fifteen years they are taken into the kingdom of darkness to serve as an evil spirit. To the natural eye, they would look like they died in an accident or had a heart attack or where shot during a robbery, yet it is not what it looks like. The devil, by the way, gets to decide how you exit the natural realm by what kind of death.

Again, there is a way that seems right unto man but the end thereof is death. Fertility has no blood, and neither do years that you sell in these pacts have blood. So eventually those demons serving you with the good life will demand blood at some point, and you will just have to give them or they kill you before the time agreed upon.

Guess what the devil says when you complain about him not honouring the terms of the pact? He says to you, "Sue me!" From the beginning he had no intention of honouring any pact because he is a liar and a thief. He just wanted to take from you the blessings God put inside you, your children.

Higher pacts are contracts with Satan on a higher level and these require direct sacrifice of your loved ones in exchange for money, fame and power. In the lower pacts discussed above where you only offer your fertility or a portion of your remaining years as a sacrifice, you do not get to kill to offer blood at the devil's alter but with higher pacts, it is a requirement and once you reach that stage, there is no turning back. Either you make the sacrifice or be sacrificed yourself.

Entering into this pact, you are not tricked and then demons demand blood from you while you thought no one had to die. In the higher pact, you enter knowing that you have to sacrifice your loved ones, and the more blood you give, the higher you rise in your rankings and your status and the richer you become. How long you enjoy this life depends on the devil himself because this involves assignment after assignment to kill and destroy. This also involves meeting after meeting under the sea. Yes, as you rise in ranks, you get certain powers to do certain things like leaving your body to look like you are sleeping while you travel for a meeting under the sea and be back by sunrise.

The higher and quicker they rise, the harder they fall because it will take a person just to fail in one assignment and they will tear him or her to shreds at the satanic meetings, and feast on his blood and flesh before passing him on to look like he died of an accident or an overdose to the natural eye.

There is another side to the pacts of human sacrifices. The pact where you do not kill directly but body parts of innocent people are used in the rituals performed for you to acquire wealth and power. These are mostly women and children abducted for the sole purpose of removing their hearts, tongues, eyes and private parts to be dried, crushed and mixed with whatever other ingredients are needed for this evil and sadistic ritual for wealth and power. My initiation involved such.

Below is a Whatsapp message that has been doing rounds lately to warn people about the reality of ritualistic killings but as always, the masses see it as a hoax:

Parents beware!!!!

Police in Victoria Falls called for a meeting for all parents to attend and showed them 7 men they had caught. These men live in a place called Rugars. The men confessed that they came from South Africa and they are among a group of 300 people who came for the sole purpose of beheading children for ritual purposes. Several children have since gone missing. Parents are being advised to look after their children. These people are living amongst us.

When they came in, they scattered around Zimbabwe. Only these 300 are known to have entered Zimbabwe. What about those already here and those still coming. Teach your older children not to talk to strangers even if they are asking for directions. Children are easily convinced to accompany them. Imagine one day not being able to locate your child at the end of the day. This is not a joke. Please parents look after your children. The devil is at work and he is working hard.

Forwarded as received

This Whatsapp message is as serious as 1 Peter 5:8-9 which says, “Be alert and of sober mind. Your enemy the devil prowls around like a roaring lion looking for someone (your children) to devour. Resist him and stand strong in faith.” 2 Corinthians 2:11 further says, “In order that Satan might not overcome us. For we are aware of his schemes.”

This is why I wrote this book. Not to entertain you or for me to be famous, but to make God's people know the reality of Satanism out there and the power of God's grace in Jesus Christ by which I was saved from Satan's claws. God’s people are perishing due to lack of knowledge (Hosea 4:6) because we are a generation seeking comfort in church walls in the name of fellowship, worship and intercession led by people who have no slightest clue as to who the real enemy is; how he operates and where he operates from. A typical case of the blind leading the blind to warfare.

Back to the Whatsapp text above. My brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, mothers and fathers, that message is as real as the group of Chinese men who were found living in a cannibalistic community in an Angolan forest. They prayed on men and women who love limitless flow of sponsored booze. Please note that this is by no means meant to degrade the Chinese people because like in all nations, there are decent people and then there are those fuelling the cause of Satan.

These Chinese cannibals would befriend men and women in local bars and get them helplessly drunk before inviting the soon-to-be dinner to join them as they check out other drinking spots. That would be the last that the gullible drunkards would be seen. The cannibalistic camp was stumbled upon by villagers who found human body parts hanged out to dry.

The Whatsapp text above is as serious as a heart attack and as real as the 63-year old Caucasian man who was arrested in Johannesburg, South Africa, for trying to cut out his 26-year old wife after drugging her. She woke up while he was busy cutting her. She managed to overpower him and ran out for help. When the police searched the man's mansion they found 21 vaginas in his freezer. The man was a wealthy and respectable businessman. The woman was gunned down in front of her parents' house on her way to court to testify against her sadistic husband.

However, the man is still facing charges for the 21 vaginas found in his possession. Let me take you a bit deeper with these issues of ritualistic killings. Before I even address the issue of how the spirit of mammon obtains power and influence via the vagina, I want you to know and understand that body parts needed for satanic rituals are always cut out while the victim is alive. Whether it's the tongue or eyes or heart or private parts including breasts, they must be cut out while the victim is alive with the heart beating normally.

*****

Dark churches as I like to call them are those that masquerade as a real Christian church working by the power of the Holy Spirit, yet they are using demonic powers to perform these miracles. I am not saying every church where miracles are performed and deliverance is ministered are using demonic powers. We are living in the times of when the Spirit of God will cover the earth in its fullness and there will be signs and wonders everywhere.

People will be delivered left, right and centre because where the Spirit of God is, there is also freedom (2 Corinthians 3:17). However, today people fail to see what is really going on in these dark churches because their spiritual eyes are covered because they seek signs and wonders, miracles and deliverance in their lives and not salvation through Jesus Christ who says in Matthew 12:39, "A wicked and adulterous generation asks for a sign! But none will be given to it except the sign of the prophet Jonah."

But, the devil is the master counterfeiter of all things good, and so he copies the works of the Lord and deceives people who don't walk in the spirit: people who do not dwell in the Spirit! They are moved by the pain in their bodies and the holes in their pockets looking for quick breakthroughs. Those are the ones Satan draws to these fake churches because they are so desperate for a breakthrough that they would spend their last cent to speed up the miracle.

Some of these churches start off as true gospel churches but then their pastors or priests get overtaken by greed and the desire for fame. Then the once-upon-a-time man of God sells his soul and the entire church to the devil just so he can prophesy and perform miracles in exchange for death of a member of the congregation every year. And people flock to that abominable synagogue.

I have visited some of these churches and many of these miraculous anointing oil that people scramble to buy are actually laced with snake oil melted from python fat. No matter how much it is scented, I know the smell of lion fat and python fat because I have used them back in the years when I used to consult witch doctors.

Without knowledge people are marking themselves with demonic ointments and have put their faith in the power of these oils and not in Christ who delivers according to Luke 4:18. The oil fixes one problem, and then another starts. I am not saying all anointing oil is fake. Some pastors or prophets are truly anointed to use oil but just like for every real dollar there is a fake dollar note, for every real church there is also a fake church.

Seek salvation and not miracles. Seek the Lord and not prophets who tell you what you want to hear and so manipulate you and your money, instead of them telling you the truth about Jesus Christ your all-in-one miracle. This is what the Lord says, *"Behold, I am against the prophets, who dream what is false; who explain and so seduce my people with their falsehood and with their miracles, though I did not send them, nor did I command them. They have nothing beneficial to my people."* – Jeremiah 23:32.

There you have it! Miracles without salvation benefit you nothing. Miracles without the love of Jesus Christ and the presence of the Holy Spirit are nothing but a magic show. But even so, many have abandoned the gospel to chase after miracles according to what is written in 2 Timothy 3:1-9.

*****

The sexual orgies are a form of worship to Satan and right now we have private houses that run as social clubs where men and women, young and old, married and single, get together just for the purpose of having sex in a group. It is not a case of where a man picks a woman randomly from the guests and goes into a private room to have sex with her.

I am talking about houses or mansions where you check your clothes in at the entrance and walk into a lounge or lounges full of naked women and men.

There is no refusing or denying whoever picks you, whether it is the same gender or not. It is masqueraded as a careless lifestyle of people with money, yet it is actually a cult. As you become a regular and faithful member, you're introduced to deeper things of that cult and sooner than later you would be recruiting your peers and students into the cult. As much as you get rewarded for your achievement in these cults, you are also quickly and severely punished for your failed assignments.

Some female students are being inducted and assigned to destroy marriages and bring down successful men by sleeping with them. Most of these girls don't even know they carry such demons because they are imparted on them through sex at parties held at exclusive mansions or country estates. Students are also assigned to destroy other students.

They take this deal thinking it's the easy way out because the more fellow students they recruit or the more marriages and families they destroy the more money and privileges they get from the devil. As they get these rewards but then they're not told the truth that these institutions of learning, marriage and family were ordained by God and so when you partake in destroying them you actually are provoking the wrath of God. Read 2 Chronicles 20:6.

*****

The devil uses pop culture to entice young people into Satanism has proven to be a very powerful way of destroying the youth, and gets worse and worse with each new generation. Such include music, TV shows, movies, social media and magazines which use subliminal display tactics geared at the desensitization of satanic symbols to viewers. Children are bringing home demonic artefacts that seem to society as just a new fashion accessories or fashion trends.

The devil uses video games through subliminal demonic images and background music that is actually an incantation and children will have this music playing in their subconscious until these demons start to appear in their dreams. The millennial generation is the one hard hit to the point that at home, at school and in the car, it is accessibility to these games.

Children have their own plasma or LCD screens in their rooms where all they do is play games. Even when they are called to come it, they take their smartphone with them and continue to play games. At school between classes they play these bloody games. Cars have seats with screens for kids to plug in and play games throughout the trip or on their way to school. Children practice rituals in the home in front of parents and we think it's just a game.

Many parents find it childish but I watch cartoons and play games with my kids just to filter the content so that I know what games to buy them and which ones to avoid. Many parents, including Christians just buy games for their children because the child came from school and told the mother or father about this new trending game that all the kids are talking about in school.

The devil uses these three hooks: trends, hip and popularity to build culture which comes from the 'cult'! Culture is an acceptable way of life as set by influential groups in society.

With advancement in technology, they even play games online with people overseas that masquerade as other little kids. The plug in headphones and talk as they play. This is where spells are cast and incantations taught, in the name of a war cry for that game, and before you know it, you child is recruited into a cult and starts bullying other kids, sexually harassing other kids and practicing sacrificial rituals on small animals.

This is why a parent should never stop praying for his children whether they are in trouble or not. Many times we only pray for our kids when they are sick or are in trouble or their grades at school are dropping. It is our duty as parents to cover our kids in prayer and in the blood of Jesus everyday. Having been a disciple of Satan, I know the damage the blood of Jesus does and confusion prayer brings to the devil's camp, be it satanic alters or those of witchcraft.

I'll recommend that you read my booklets 'SCHOOL: The Devil's New Playground' and 'Power Of A Praying Father'. You can order a hard copy or download the e-book on my website www.pastorfreddy.com for a minimal donation to my ministry as I continue to hold crusades to share the truth about the battle for our souls and how we help Satan win.

*****

HOW SATAN SWINDLES US

Remember, the devil came to steal, kill and destroy. He deceives even the elect. The elect referred to in here are leaders of all facets of society and church alike. Satan swindles us by making us believe that he has what we need and in order to have it or to get it, we must give him something precious to us in return. So we denounce our relationship with Jesus Christ and kill our loved ones for the sake of money fame and power.

Then after that the devil abandons you when he has successfully put you on the train to hell. There is never a time that Satan will plead with God not to send you to hell, but Jesus pleads with you, not with Satan, so that you don't jump on the train to hell.

Whether you enter into contract with Satan to sell your soul, your fertility or your years, none of the above are yours to sell. God created you in his image and breathed his spirit into you (Genesis 1:26:27 and 2:7), so your soul is actually borrowed no matter how rebellious you tend to be. God ordained your children to be yours long before they were given to you. They belong to God and are not yours to abort or to surrender your fertility to Satan Psalm 127:3. God is the one who has appointed a number of years that we can live (Psalm 90:10) and so they are not yours to decide you'll sell them to Satan, who himself has no wealth to give.

In fact, it is your wealth that the devil is stealing from you and since you have been walking in religion as a servant and not as a son in a relationship with the Father, you have always believed that the wealth of this world belong to the evil people.

Why do you think the Egyptians couldn't refuse when God instructed the children of Israel to go borrow all their jewellery in exodus? It is because the wealth belonged to the children of God and it was through Joseph that Egypt became a wealthy nation, and that wealth was meant to build the tabernacle where God would dwell with his children after Moses leads them out of Egypt.

Today you are that tabernacle where God wants to dwell. His presence in you, his temple (1 Corinthians 6), gives you the ability to produce wealth. Remember what he says in Deuteronomy 8:18. Note that wherever the Ark of the Covenant was, that place prospered as a manifestation of God's presence. God wants to dwell in you because he loves you and wants fellowship with his child. Love is the reason he wants to be with you, and him being in your life, you prosper without even losing sleep. There's no love in the devil's camp, so why go there for money that is already yours?

The problem is that we as Christians and parents in general don't want to know the truth about the enemy we are facing as society and a church. It is by this that the Lord allowed me to enter the different facets of the devil's camp that I may see evil, hear evil, learn from the evil one and then speak to God's people about this evil.

"There's a way that seems right to man but the end thereof is death." – Proverbs 14:12

Let me take you for a ride into the bible to give you a glimpse of how nasty God's anger can get. Not because he hates those he destroyed but because he loves us all so much that he would breathe hell on us if we were to insist on destroying the good that he created in us and for us as well as the love and part of himself that he put in us.

Just like charity and corruption begins at home, rebellion against God also begin at home. And God breathes his wrath upon the rebellious and perverse generation. In the book of Numbers we see where the ground opened up and swallowed 250 men and their entire families just because they were challenging the will of God over Israel. Read the book of Numbers chapter 16 in the bible. How about the part where an angel of the Lord God Almighty single handedly slaughtered 23,000 rebellious people in one night and 185,000 of another disobedient breed in a single night. Read in the bible still. Now I'm not saying this to instil fear among you, though the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

I'm teaching you not to take God's loving kindness for granted so that you may know and take it to your head that Daddy Almighty can get real mad if we push him to. And if he doesn't discipline you then he surely doesn't love you because like a father to his child, God disciplines those he loves.

Many people fear the devil or demons more than they respect God. Don't you know that Satan is nothing but a fallen angel, and not a god? As a child of God, you have more power and authority than angels and demons. You are a god yourself and it is confirmed in the scripture. Read Genesis 2:7 and John 10:34. The power to produce wealth is already in you according to the Lord's word in Deuteronomy 8:18 and all you have to do is activate it because God put in each one of us a skill or talent that will make us rich. But it takes great self discipline and perseverance.

*****

FINDING MY WAY BACK TO CHRIST

The Prodigal Son Returns Home...Again!

"So he got up and went to his father. But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and he was filled with compassion; he ran to his son, threw his arms round him and kissed him." – Luke 15:11-24

The grandmaster and the demons were mad at me to the point that they would kill me immediately if I tried to finish the ritual without a blood sacrifice because according to them I had brought along enemy spirits to disturb the whole process and so I was cursed until I completed the initiation. I was very angry with God for sabotaging me...again!

I was now an outcast in both God's kingdom and the kingdom of darkness. I wasn't even at the crossroads in my life but was now in a spiritual desert. More like a very dark spiritual vacuum. Something was just a bit off because the grandmaster was hard on my case again trying to persuade me as hard as he could that God was at war with me and the best way to be safe was for me to give blood and complete the initiation, so I could find refuge in the devil's camp.

That was pure rubbish...utter foolishness! Good people, if, and when, God wages war with you, then you're in serious trouble because no one and nothing can protect you from God's wrath except honest repentance because God is ever merciful to those who seek his forgiveness. But when everyone else, including Satan, fight against you and you seek refuge in God, no one can touch no matter how much they threaten to kill you.

Psalm 27:1-3 & 5 says, “The LORD is my light and my salvation – whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life – of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked advance against me to devour me, it is my enemies and my foes who will stumble and fall. Though an army besiege me, my heart will not fear; though war break out against me, even then I will be confident. For in the day of trouble he will keep me safe in his dwelling; he will hide me in the shelter of his sacred tent and set me high upon a rock.”

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. My spirit was more troubled by the thought of God being at war with me than by the fact that the spirits were threatening to kill me for messing up the ritual if I don't make a blood sacrifice. No matter how much I wanted to sell my soul or how much I didn't fear ghosts when I spent seven nights in the cemetery, I fear nothing and no one the way I fear God.

This is where I was moved out of fear to consult someone who would help me see I was now a dead man walking and if there are spirits following me around. As foolish as it sounds, the last people I was to go to were so-called born-again Christians. Not only did I not trust them, but I also hated them. So, I consulted psychics instead. I had nothing to lose. I didn't even have money to pay them so most of them refused to see me for free except one.

God used a psychic called Jenna in Pretoria to pass on his message of forgiveness. Jenna revealed to me how I was lied to because the ritual was going to go to the next phase where they celebrate my membership and we would have gone underground via the grave I had chosen as my altar.

The celebration involved feasting on human flesh and drinking human blood. They were not going to give me random flesh and blood but that of my son, Bongani who is my first born...heart of my heart and flesh of my flesh.

They'd have presented him alive to me and I was going to kill him and cut him to pieces to prove my loyalty to the brotherhood. They'd have stolen him from home and leave behind a live dummy replica of him to die within 3 to 7 days after my ceremony. His mother would have buried a replica of our son. If I didn't kill him they would keep both of us captive and the demons would have tortured us till judgment day.

I'd be in the underworld watching my son being tormented by demons while his mother grieves in the real world thinking our son died. It was a lose-lose-lose situation because even if I was wicked enough to offer my son as a forced sacrifice, I'd still be taken back after a few years to be tortured for being God's creation. The Lord's angel saved me all this anguish when caused the concoction not to burn in that Tembisa cemetery.

The devil knows he can't buy your soul because it is not actually yours, but God deposited it in you for his divine purpose. Satan also knows he has no use for your soul. But many times, we are too broke and desperate to know that. The devil makes you believe otherwise. He is the master of illusions...the crafty king of all lies and so he makes you believe he can give you the sweetest deal on earth. Satan is such a cunning salesman that he can make you buy a heater to use in hell by convincing you that since hell is hottest place ever created, your heater will keep you cool in hell since its heat can never go as high as that of hell and a fan will just melt.

Besides your soul not being yours to sell, the wealth that Satan gives you in exchange for your soul is not real but just an illusion to suit your desired lifestyle. This is why the wealthy Satanists' loved ones suffer after they die because all the wealth accumulated after they die simply vanishes through a chain of unfortunate events in the year that follows.

Nothing can separate us from the love of God. I'm sitting here in the midnight hour writing this as my memoirs to my children and my grandchildren, and to you, listening to the most powerful worship song I've ever listened to. The song by Sinach called 'No One Knows (Like I Know...What You've Done For Me...That's Why I Praise You The Way I Do...) I break down and cry helplessly like a child when this song plays. Of all times, it's playing in my earphones right now.

I'm looking at my children's photos right now, though I can barely see much through the tears. Thank you, Jesus Christ, that through all the times I was bad, all you saw was a helpless child no matter how old I am. You loved me enough to make sure I don't go to hell for sacrificing the best gift you ever gave me besides my mother...my babies, Bongani and Thando. God could have sent the same angel that struck down 23,000 rebellious Israelites in one night to kill me, but he spared the life of a nobody like me. No one knows what God's grace and love is the way I know it.

I'm not doing this for money, people. That's why I'm giving away this book for free and if you want to give money towards this book please give with a cheerful and thankful heart (Psalm 50:23) because you see in me the prayer warrior God called me to be.

All I want is for God to reunite me with my babies because December 2018 marked 6 years since I last held them in my arm. Not because I don't want to but because I couldn't. Because of this for years I have cried myself to sleep but in the morning I get, dress up, put on smile and show up to serve the Lord in gratitude. However, not from the sales of this book because, but by the loving Spirit of God because my children would have been fatherless by now or I could have been childless and wealthy, but Jesus Christ said NO! And there is nothing the devil can do about it besides going to hell in defeat.

So why is Satan buying souls he can't afford? What do I mean by not able to afford your soul when he is making people overnight billionaires? In the first place, in God's eyes you are so priceless that only the blood of Jesus Christ can pay for your soul. No amount of cash is enough for your soul.

The reason Satan wants you to 'sell your soul' to him is just so he can hurt God's feelings by taking you to hell with him and his demons. Hell was not created for God's children but for Satan and his demons. Not for human beings. Who are God's children and who are the devil's children? Those who believe in God are his children. Not all human beings are God's children. Everyone who consciously chooses to disobey God is a child of the devil.

There are only two sides. God's side and Satan's side. No matter how much you choose to please Satan, he feels nothing for you because the devil only knows to kill, steal and destroy. That's why he tricks you into worshipping him so you can both go to hell just so he can break God's heart. And if you break away from Satan to go back to God who really loves you, Satan will try to kill you before you make it back into the safety of God's arms.

As with God it's different. When you leave him for Satan, God doesn't try to kill you. Yes, you will go to hell with Satan but since he never intended for you to burn in hell, he keeps pleading with you to come back to him and spend eternity in heaven. That's why he says in Deuteronomy 30 that he puts before life and death, blessings and curses, and then he advises you to choose life. Nonetheless, when you leave Satan to come back to God, he will welcome you with open arms and fight Satan's demons to protect you.

It took me a lot of pain and regret for me to learn the reality of God's love in Jesus Christ in that during the time that people scoffed and laughed at my pain and suffering, God used that suffering as the purification fire and I was the pleasing and living sacrifice that he needed to restore me back to him. Every day in our lives God allows us to go through stuff not for him to torture us, as the devil likes to lie to us, but to refine and strengthen us. When the fire burns in our life, in our health, or our relationships or finances, what we need to do is climb onto God's altar and be that living sacrifice he so much needs for our restoration because the Holy Spirit is the fire.

Many times, it takes us having reached rock bottom in order for us to look through the clutter and see the clear vision of God's altar because when we are on our feet it looks just like an ordinary box or just a shack from our high and mighty point of view. What you see as a simple pathetic hospital bed is an altar for someone who has lost all hope except for Jesus Christ to touch him and make him whole again. When you reach a point that you take joy in your suffering knowing that it is the fire and God is ready to restore you if you are willing to be the living sacrifice. When you empty yourself of your pride and let God be full in you, a life full of miracles happens to you.

Where no one can stand up and say I healed her or made him what he is today. Where people start to wonder if you were really sick or you just wanted to cash in on your health insurance or stay away from work. When they forget that they were already rehearsing on how to speak at your funeral. They were already picking out outfits for your funeral.

Even though I consciously chose to worship Satan for selfish ambitions, God had already preordained my destiny irrespective of the path I chose however long it would take me to get back on course. I ran away from my calling like Jonah did. It doesn't matter how far off you have wandered away from the purpose that God created you for, he will never cancel your destiny unless you die before you find your way back to the true love of our Father in heaven.

Exodus 13:17-18 says, "When Pharaoh let the people go, God did not lead them on the road through the Philistine country, though that was shorter. For God said, 'If they face war, they might change their minds and return to Egypt'. So, God let the people around by desert road towards the Red Sea."

The tougher the road the bigger the blessing and the greater the calling. God took me through such a hard, long, lonely and painful journey so that it may not be easy to retrace my step back to the old me because he wanted to disconnect me from everything and everyone familiar, so he can usher in the new man he meant me to be. God was also drawing closer to me as I drew close to him. But it wasn't easy for me because of the heavy spirit of self-condemnation that followed me around so much that it started to manifest as a dark shadow that went before me to destroy everything I touched.

My exodus through my spiritual wilderness was much harder than that of the children of Israel in the sense that they were many and I was alone. They had the Spirit of God moving with them and guiding them, while the Holy Spirit had departed from me the moment I made the conscious decision to knock on Satan's door for money.

My life, not just spiritual, went on a downward spiral till I ended up living on the streets of Johannesburg. No matter where or who you are, if you don't make dollars, then you don't make sense. I was passed on from friend to friend. Old friends would take me in thinking I was still rich but once they realized I was too broke to even buy airtime, they'd quickly come with an excuse about someone coming to sleep where I was sleeping and so I should get another place to stay. How did I know it was always a lie? Because they would call each other and laugh about it and those with a loose mouth would mention it thinking they were showing me sympathy.

Back then, I cried because of how much it hurt being tossed around like an old shoe. Today I still cry, not because of the pain, but because of how overwhelming it gets when I look back and see how much God loves a horrible sell-out like me, so much that he sent complete strangers to look after me when none of the people I knew wanted to take me in. They fed me even when they didn't have room for one more in their homes.

Imagine a complete stranger, a taxi driver in Johannesburg of all places, offering that I stay in his empty shack for free, and then gave me a free ride to Johannesburg city centre and back plus let me have supper with his family everyday for four months.

Jabulani Percy Nkosi, the taxi driver then introduced me to a humble and kind Christian entrepreneur, Mr.Muhanqwa Jamela, of Jamela Resource Consultants, who in turn got me a job as a sales consultant for corporate training at a business college right in the centre of Johannesburg. I later moved into a caravan where I only had to pay for its parking as my rent because the owner needed someone to look after it.

Though these people had no slightest idea what I was really busy with beneath the surface of what misfortune led me to their doorsteps, I'll never keep secret their names because of the goodwill they showed a completely lost stranger. They have become family to me. Besides the above-mentioned names, others include the Mangali family (Charmaine, Erin, Lee, Mama and Tata), as well as Vincent Sipho Mabuya and Mr. Elliott Mnisi. These people made sure that even if they didn't have space to accommodate me, I had a plate of food every now and then, without them asking for anything in return.

Dear parents, teachers, pastors and yes you, my beloved friend, brother and sister. As you read this booklet, I am back on my feet and rebuilding my business empire one step at a time under guidance and protection of our loving God. However, you or your children might not be as lucky, but remember, as long as you're alive there's hope for you or your children or fellow students. God's love is what saved me, so I could let all of you know that *"Everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved."* – Joel 2:32

You know where to find me if you know someone who is lost or is slowly being misled into the cults and you need someone to talk to or someone to talk to your loved one. I escaped from hell not because I'm smart or strong but because I called on the name of **JESUS CHRIST!** He was quick to step in and save me from the clutches of Satan.

Do you know the song by Bishop T.D. Jakes & Paul Morton, It Doesn't Matter? It goes like this:

It doesn't matter where you are
It doesn't matter what you did
Jesus is softly calling
Not because of who you are
But because of who he is
Jesus is softly calling

For that heavy load or burden of anger, rejection guilt and self condemnation, Jesus is saying Matthew 11:28, "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest." I found that rest. Yes, the devil and his Laviathan spirit haven't given up fighting me and my ministry but I sleep peacefully at night because I know he didn't save me just for the enemy to destroy me with sin. Sin is washable by the blood of Jesus. It is never too late! Jesus is knocking right now and he wants to step in and fix the mess that you find yourself in. Talk to me, if you have to.

RAISING THE ISSACHAR GENERATION

Much hype was made on social media about the red moon or blood moon eclipse. Many people posted and shared mostly because they wanted to be part of the trend and great conversation. As the Lord Jesus says over and over again, “Eyes they have but they do not perceive. Ears they have but they do not hear.” The Lord says you are only looking with your natural eyes but are actually blind to the reality that's unfolding right in front of you. Your spiritual eyes are blinded by the worldly trends you are chasing. You are listening to news about all these phenomena but you don't understand why they are happening because you are busy applying worldly wisdom to things of God.

What recently happened to the moon is laid out in the following scripture: "And I saw the Lamb break open the sixth seal. There was a violent earthquake, and the sun became black like coarse black cloth, and the moon turned completely red like blood." - Revelation 6:12 “The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come.” - Joel 2:31."He who testifies to these things says, 'Yes, I AM coming soon.' Amen! Come Lord Jesus." - Revelation 22:20

The Lord is looking for the generation spoken about in 2 Chronicles 12:32. The Issachar Generation that is able to tell the signs of times that Jesus Christ speaks about in Matthew 24. Please read the whole chapter and then evaluate yourself to see if you’re one of the 5 wise virgins or the 5 foolish virgins Jesus speaks about in Matthew 25:1-13.

Please read with an open heart because this is the time we have to truly evaluate ourselves as to whether Christ really lives in us by using the simple checklist he gives in Matthew 25:31-46. Are we motivated by the love for others or the selfish love for what the world offers? God has given his Son that through him we may be pardoned of our wickedness and be reconciled back to God, and that through us, other people may be saved and experience the overwhelming unconditional love of God through Jesus Christ. This love reduces me to tears every time I think of the filthy life he lifted me from just so he could use me.

"Of this Gospel, I have been made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God, which has been given to me by means of the operation of his virtue. Although I am the least of all the saints, I have been given this grace: to evangelize among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to enlighten everyone concerning the dispensation of the mystery, hidden before the ages in God who created all things, so that the manifold wisdom of God may become well-known to the principalities and powers in the heavens, through the Church, according to that timeless purpose, which he has formed in Christ Jesus our Lord." - Ephesians 3:7-11

The world has been blinded by the new wave of miracles and prophets that we have forgotten the true gospel. Part of my calling is to intercede for the church. The church has become like the people in John 5:1-9. We are so focused on the pool of miracles that everyone is running to than looking to Jesus Christ who holds our salvation in his blood. Read also John 3:14.

If we are connected to Jesus Christ like he says in John 15:5 then definitely his love and peace will flow through us and we will be moved to worship and pray the way he always did and be moved with compassion to lead others to salvation the way he did because as he says in John 5:3 that he does nothing except what he sees the Father do, we'd also look upon Jesus for our abundant life and salvation instead of searching the internet for the next trending prophet or church selling miracles and not bring Jesus to people for free.

MY CLOSING WORD TO YOU

"I will make those who are of the synagogue of Satan, who claim to be Jews though they are not, but are liars – I will make them come and fall down at your feet and acknowledge that I have loved you." – Revelation 3:9

It is because of the love of Christ that the cult assassins couldn't harm me. After I abandoned my botched initiation I panicked when the Cult Grandmaster told me that when he tracks me through his mirror he sees a lot of blood flowing and so if I don't come back within 14 days to correct the botched initiation, I'd die or go mad. The mirror is just one of the many methods the witches and Satanists use to monitor their targets.

These cult people mean business. There were two attempts on my life when I stayed in a shack in Villa Liza just outside the township of Vosloorus in Johannesburg's East Rand area.

Before the initiation, the grandmaster could see me and my children. He was able to describe my kids to the last detail including the kind of school uniform my son wore. You can imagine my anguish when he said that his mirror is overflowing with blood and so he couldn't even see me or my kids.

My interpretation of this was that it is because of the combination of 3 people's blood that the mirror was overflowing. My kids and I are so dead, or so I thought because we were only given 14 days to live unless I went back to appease the demons, yes you guessed right, by offering up my son as a sacrifice. So whether I go back or not my kids would die? I chose to take my chances away from the cult than voluntarily hand my firstborn over for demons to feast on. Hell NO!

I was given 14 days but 4 years later during an intense fasting session, the Holy Spirit asked me out of the blue, “Who's blood was it?” I told him he had lost me, and he elaborated a bit further when he rephrased, “Did the grandmaster tell you the truth about the blood he was seeing in the mirror?”

This was a rhetorical question obviously because the Lord knows everything and all answers to any question. But he now had my undivided attention and actually made me realize that it had been so long since the devil's 14 days expired. Always remember that your life is not over unless the Lord says it's over.

And so the Lord went on to drop the bomb. Yes, the truth hurts but in this case, it hurt the devil and set me free. Anyone of the devil's camp will never tell you the truth about the blood of Jesus even if you were to nail Satan to the cross and water-board him with the blood of Jesus.

It was the **BLOOD OF JESUS!** My children and I were covered in the blood of Jesus and have been since then. There is power in the blood of Jesus and from the time the cult put to a contract on my soul and those of my kids, the Lord had put the mark of Jesus on my kids and I so that no one from hell would kill us or dare come near us.

I have walked in that place where the Adulterous Woman in John 8:1-8 was, where my own kindred were ready to stone me with their resentment and rejection. Through people whom I once shared the table with, the devil stands and accuses me daily of my past sins but Jesus Christ, my Advocate, intercedes for me as he did for Joshua the priest in Zechariah 3.

You have may be been rejected because of this and that hidden sin. You are maybe condemning yourself for something that you are hooked on that you know is wrong but you are keeping it secret because of fear of being rejected when people find out. I have been where you are now. I have been rejected and blocked on social media by people I once made sacrifices for. It was through this rejection that I discovered the undying, unconditional love of God in Jesus Christ.

Like the father always looked out the window for his lost son, and ran out to the road with open arms to welcome his son when he finally came back home, God sits on his thrown looking out for you and I, the sinners and lost children, not the self-righteous, to come back to the throne of grace through the cross by which he set us free from eternal condemnation.

When friends abandoned me and family members wrote me off, it was very painful but it was only after being really saved that I realized that God allowed it for them to make way for him to minister his love and restoration to me. Do not be afraid of people that will turn their backs on you once they hear about your mistakes or problems. You are not your mistakes. You are not your problems. God allows these things to be exposed so that he can now rebuild you from scratch with people that will truly walk with you to your divine destiny.

God sees past your sins. Even people in church may reject you but Jesus Christ stands between you and those who want to punish you by talking bad about you, those who want to kill you for your mistakes. He says to them like he did in John 8:1-11, “Let him without sin cast the first stone!”

Have you ever asked yourself why and what Jesus wrote on the ground when they brought the adulterous woman to him? For years I've asked him what it was he wrote and when he finally took me on a walk, literally, through John 8:1-11, and I saw myself thrown at his fit instead of the woman, and those standing to stone me were relatives and former friends, plus members of the public or society I lived in, including media houses that published all those exaggerated damning reports against me. Then Jesus wrote on the ground but since i was thrown to the ground, I felt the message rush through my spirit, taking me back to the books of Exodus 20 and Daniel 5 and then to Revelation 3:9-12.

THE POWER OF PARTNERSHIP

You've seen my testimony. Now you can connect to the turn-around grace upon me by sowing a seed into my ministry so that whenever God releases his breakthroughs and blessings upon me, it also flows into your life because we are now connected in ministry as Pastor Freddy & Partners. Circular people understand the principle of partnership, and they apply it in business through crowd funding and society through stokvels, much more than us so-called believers do.

I don't even know why we call ourselves believers when we actually don't believe what our Lord says in Matthew 18:18-20 that, "Truly I tell you, whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you loosen on earth will be loosened in heaven. Again, truly I tell you that if two of you agree about anything they ask for, it will be done for them by my Father in heaven. For where two or three gather in my name, there am I with them."

When you and I come together in Jesus Christ's name to pray for whatever you need prayed for, Jesus will stand with us to answer those prayers. Remember he intercedes for us in heaven. Us agreeing in prayer no matter where we are, puts us in partnership. All the goodness and breakthroughs God is daily releasing upon my life and ministry become available for you when you tap into the grace and anointing that has opened doors for my wife and I in such a powerful way.

By sowing a seed of R50 (R20 for ebook by whatsapp) or more into my ministry per month, you not only receive a new booklet every month, but you also connect into my breakthroughs and blessings because you are helping me spiritually empower and liberate more people with your financial support.

I was homeless and jobless for a long time…then my wife was later also without a job for over a year. Things where tough and we had our fair share of fighting and splitting, but when the Lord told us to go on our knees and pray for each other and then pray for other people who are jobless or homeless and in worker financial situations than us, our lives changed. First it was heartbreaking seeing the people you pray get jobs and other get funding or admitted to study while we seemed stuck but just like that, my wife was called to an interview for a job she didn't apply for. Then I got a very lousy job that I continued to thank God for and like a dream, my life just changed for the better.

That's the grace the Lord has placed on this ministry. Turning lives around and helping people discover who they really are in Jesus Christ. We don't masquerade ourselves as powerful prophets playing magic tricks on people. We have suffered and cried to God because "Everyone who calls on the Lord will be saved." - Joel 2:32, and so God saved us from hardship. We share our testimony and pray for people, teaching them how to rise above their disease or poverty Note that your tithe and offering are for the local church you attend.

God says in Psalm 37:4 and Psalm 50:23 that, "Those who give thanksgiving offering honour me…" "…and he will give you the desires of your heart." When you release that partnership offering you are showing God how much you trust him with his word in Luke 4:18 and the power of his word to change your life. Offering is a sign of faith in God…not me but God who showed himself gracious, faithful and powerful over the chains of poverty I was in.

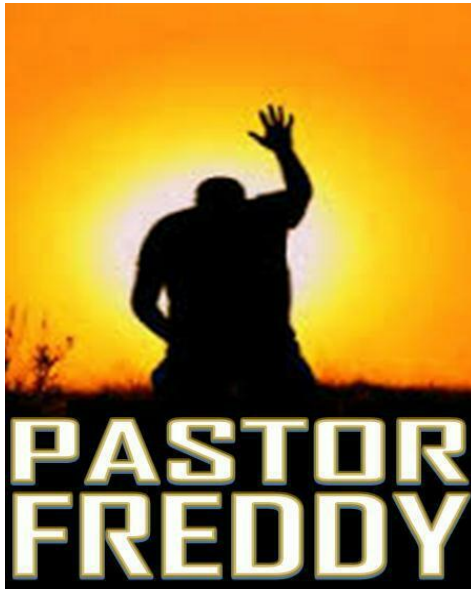
When you partner with Pastor Freddy International and Spoken Word Ministry, you are sending us into spiritual warfare in faith of God's word in Isaiah 45:1-3 and when God moves in battle according to our prayers, you just receive the spoils of war according to 1 Samuel 30:21-24and 2 Chronicles 20:22-25. Experience the power of partnership in Christ so that you too may see the day you give your own testimony like the people below.

Remember, when you take care of God's work he takes care of you and yours. "I will prevent pests from eating your harvest…and all nations will call you blessed." – Malachi 3:11-12. The pests eating your harvest are witches and demons stealing your blessings and cash. You work hard but end of the month you have nothing to show for it.

Dear friend, I pray that you may enjoy good health and that all may go well with you, that you may prosper just as your soul prospers and you progress spiritually, In Jesus' name. – 3 John Vs. 2.

Because that is what the Lord sent us to do. But first he let us walk through the pain, betrayal and hardship so we may learn to only trust in him and that we may be living, walking testimonies. When you partner with Pastor Freddy International and Spoken Word Ministry, you receive us as prayer partners and so you connect into our blessings and breakthroughs according to Matthew 10:41 which says, "Whoever welcomes a man of God will receive that man of God's reward…"

I close off with the wise words of Pastor Robert Morris about God asking, "What do you want me to do for you?" God only makes this powerful offer to those who are generous and have a heart for helping others because whatever he gives the generous, they'll use it to help others. Unlike a selfish greedy person who will use it to dominate others or to feel better than his neighbours and eventually use his blessings to indulge in sin.



"Everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved." – Joel 2:32

Please share this ebook by email with as many friends and family as possible. It may help open the eyes of someone's parents and eventually save their child.

Please help me reach more people with my teachings by sponsoring my ministry with a donation or love gift of any amount paid to:

PASTOR FREDDY INTERNATIONAL
First National Bank Account 62734690060
Branch Code 250655
SWIFT Code: FIRNZAJJ
PAYPAL: pastorfreddysitumbeko@gmail.com

Or simply click on the 'DONATE' button on the website

Please take note that Pastor Freddy shall only accept thanks offering (Psalm 50:23) in exchange for my teachings and breakthrough prayers, while your tithe should be paid to the local church where you fellowship.

Thank you for taking time read through what the Lord inspired me to share with you. I hope this teaching has truly blessed you, encouraged you and empowered you. You are free to download any or all of my teachings from the website www.pastorfreddy.comor request them by sending an email to books@pastorfreddy.com. If you are in need of prayer or counselling, feel free to call or text me on +27-72-407 6246 or email to inbox@pastorfreddy.com. If you want to partner with me in prayer and offering (Psalm 50:23 & Ecclesiastes 4:9-10), please email to partnership@pastorfreddy.com

Follow Pastor Freddy on:

Facebook @PastorFreddySitumbeko
InstaGram @pastorfreddy
Twitter @PastorFreddyInternational
YouTube @PastorFreddy



I have written this booklet to save many young people who are joining satanic cults in thousands everyday without fully understanding the danger they are signing up for. As you can see from the photo above, I was a member of a satanic cult and God saved me from it so I can also save our youth who are dying due to lack of knowledge.

Proverbs 10:22 says, "The blessing of the Lord brings wealth, without painful labour for it." Why we reach out to Satan for wealth, I don't know. We choose to follow a lie and shun the truth which stands clearly in Deuteronomy 8:18 – "Remember the Lord your God who gives you the ability to create wealth."

We have become a lazy generation of treasure hunters seeking to harvest where we didn't sow. The Lord says, "I will bless the works of your hands." This includes whatever gift or talent you have. Why sell your soul for wealth that God has already given you for free in Jesus Christ? God gave you power to produce wealth but our young generation chooses to worship a fallen angel that is lower than a heavenly servant because they think he can make them rich. Instead he gives them an illusion of a wealthy lifestyle that comes at a price.

God says in Isaiah 55:6-7 that we should seek him before it's too late because he is merciful enough to freely forgive our sins. He forgave me and restored me by his divine grace in Jesus Christ. Today I'm making money without fear of going to hell because I sacrificed no one for my wealth. Job 22:21-25 says, "Submit to God and be at peace with him; in this way prosperity will come to you…If you return to the Almighty, you will be restored: if you remove wickedness far from your life…then the Almighty will be your gold (wealth)."

PASTOR FREDDY

SITUMBEKO MEDIA & COMMUNICATIONS (PTY) LTD
Africa's Mighty Voice